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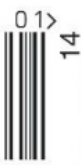
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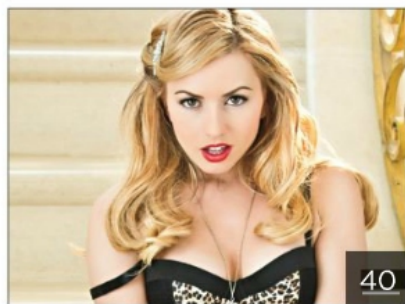
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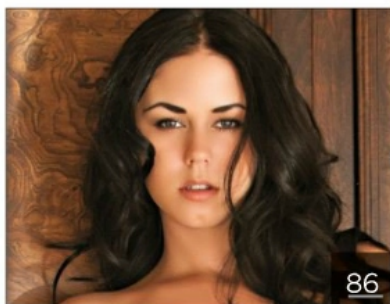


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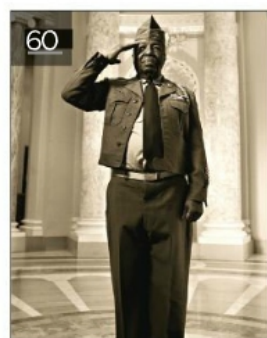
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CAUGHT IN THE ACT



Dani spread her legs even wider, giving Gina more access to her slit. Gina slithered down, then around, till her face was buried in my wife's pussy and Dani's in hers.



A couple of weeks ago, I'd just finished an important project and I decided to take the afternoon off. I headed home, hoping to surprise my wife and take her out to dinner. Using my key, I let myself in through the back door and found the house eerily quiet. Thinking that Dani was probably out shopping, I made my way upstairs and stopped midway when I heard muted sounds emanating from our bedroom. The door was slightly ajar, and I could see my wife lying flat on her back, wearing only a pair of panties. Her bra lay on the floor in front of the bed. Next to her was another woman, completely naked, fondling Dani's breasts and kissing her passionately. Every so often her hand would reach down between my wife's thighs and stroke the outside of her panties.

There was no mistaking the woman lying next to her—it was our neighbor and best friend Gina. Compared to Dani's petite full figure, Gina is tall, slim, and blonde. To look at them they're like night and day, but as long as I've known Gina, she and my wife have been thick as thieves. Gina and her husband are always at our house, and Dani and I spend lots of time at theirs. I just never imagined that this was what the women meant when they talked about "girl time."

I have to admit that I'd always wanted to suck and fuck Gina's pussy and ass, and now it seemed that my chance could be at hand. I decided to hang out and watch them.

Gina slipped a hand into my wife's thong and began probing her in earnest. All the while, my wife urged her on by grinding her soaked-looking

crotch against Gina's hand.

With one quick movement, Gina tore off my wife's thong. Dani moaned and spread her legs even wider, giving Gina more access to her slit.

"Do me—do me now," she begged.

Gina slithered down, then around, till her face was buried in my wife's pussy and Dani's in hers. Watching them, my only regret was that I wasn't helping her lap up the pussy juice. My cock was in my hand and I began stroking it. Just then, Gina looked up and saw me. But she didn't stop what she was doing. Instead, she rolled Dani over onto her stomach and said, "I'm going to suck your asshole while you finger your cunt." She parted Dani's cheeks and began swirling her tongue over the puckered hole.

Dani went wild, bucking up and down, moaning like I've never heard her before. Then Gina reached over and picked up a shiny silver object. The next thing I heard was a soft humming sound. She placed the vibrator against Dani's cunt and slowly pushed it in. She didn't stop until it was buried deep inside her.

Dani let out a low moan and began bucking again. I knew from past experience that she was right at the edge of orgasm. It was a beautiful sight. As Gina was fucking Dani, she was also fingering herself like crazy and really getting off. It wasn't long before my wife began to shake uncontrollably as the orgasm ripped through her body.

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It must have gone on for close to ten minutes. Just as I started to come, Gina rolled over and retrieved the vibrator from Dani's pussy and inserted it into her own. Within seconds, and with a little help from my wife, who'd started sucking Gina's clit, Gina came with a shudder.

After a few minutes of watching them caress each other, they both looked up and saw me. Giving me a lazy smile, Dani said, "Well, you might as well join us. We could use a nice hard cock right now."

I'd just come, but with the two of them sucking and licking my dick, I was soon ready to fuck them both. I wondered if Greg, Gina's husband, knew what our wives had been doing, or if he'd been in the dark like I'd been. Then I started wondering what it would be like to watch him fuck my wife and I nearly lost it. As I slid my cock deep into Gina's wet pussy, I knew we'd have to arrange something really soon!—*R.J., New York*



I got down on my knees, raised her right leg, and began sucking her toes as she lay back on the bed.



The Tip

I'm a bellman at a five-star hotel in Chicago. One weekend there were several conventions taking place in the various meeting rooms. I was pulling a double shift and things had finally begun to slow down when this gorgeous babe approached me in the lobby. From her name tag, I could tell she was an event planner with one of the conventions.

"Hi," she said, with a professional smile. "I just want to thank you for making my job so much easier during this convention."

I heard the words, but I was focused on sizing up her body. She had long dark hair, dark eyes, full pouty lips, and a luscious rack.

"Everyone has been really patient," I responded politely.

As she walked away, I noticed she had long, shapely legs that were slightly bowed—something I just love in a woman—and a fine ass.

Later that night, I was called to take a pillow up to room 563. When I knocked on the door, I was surprised when the event planner answered, wearing a short kimono-style robe.

"I'm well out of patience," she said, taking me by the hand and pulling me into the room.

She offered me a drink and sat on the edge of the bed as I pulled up a chair directly in front of her. As we chatted, I became aware of how at ease we were with each other. Though I knew she must have heard it a million times, I said, "You have incredible legs."

She took a long hit off her cigarette, slowly blew the smoke in my face, and without smiling said, "How incredible?"

I got down on my knees, raised her right leg, and began sucking her toes. As she lay back on the bed, her robe parted just enough for me to see that

she was wearing nothing but a lacy pink thong.

My tongue inched its way up toward the edge of her robe, lingering mid-thigh. She moaned softly as I repeated the exploration on her other leg. When I reached her thong, she raised her hips for me to remove it, but I ignored her and continued my oral adventure up to her twin mountains. I licked around the base of one breast, then the other, slowly circling the terrain before climbing the peaks, which were erect and begging to be sucked. She ran her fingers through my hair as if she were kneading dough.

I brought my lips up to hers as my hand moved across her smooth waist and slipped beneath her thong far enough for me to softly tease her mound. Our tongues played and I ran my middle finger down to her slit, rubbing her juices over her snatch. After much teasing, I finally stroked her hot button, and in an instant she exploded, moaning and bucking with my hand squeezed between her thighs. I kept rubbing her clit until she cried for me to stop.

"You just earned your tip," she said, and pushed me back onto the bed.

As she pulled my pants down, all I could think to say was, "My tip is yours!"

She straddled me and slowly lowered her tight cunt onto my raging hard-on. Then she proceeded to fuck the hell out of me, raising and lowering herself, rocking and rolling her hips with abandon till she came. I was right at the edge, so I grabbed her hips and thrust my cock into her a couple more times till I shot my load.

She collapsed onto my chest, and after many long, wet kisses, I returned to the lobby, quite satisfied with my tip.—*Name and address withheld*

More letters on page 132

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KEEPING IT CLASSY

Ron, Veronica, Champ, Brian, and Brick are all back for *Anchorman 2: The Legend Continues*, starring Will Ferrell, Christina Applegate, David Koechner, Paul Rudd, and Steve Carell, plus a host of other big names in cameos.





Anchors Aweigh

The highly anticipated *Anchorman* sequel sails into theaters this month, packed with A-listers. Will it float?



Anchorman 2: The Legend Continues

Will Ferrell, Christina Applegate, Paul Rudd, Steve Carell

We'll suffer no disparagement of the 2004 original, an instant comedy classic that supplied us with several parties' worth of quotable lines ("Milk was a bad choice") and gave Ferrell a signature role. Honestly, while expectations are massive, they shouldn't be hard to meet: Get the news team in polyester and bad mustaches, have Steve Carell turn on the zero-I.Q. high beams, and let the games begin, *hey-oh*. Yet trailers show a plunge into incendiary, and dubious, race-related humor, along with a promising-looking fashion shift to the eighties era of High Dork. Who knows what Harrison Ford and the members of Green Day are doing here, but they're welcome, along with the influx of female talent: Tina Fey, Kristen Wiig, Kirsten Dunst, and *Deception*'s Meagan Good, among others. This is your invitation to the pants party.



The Last Days on Mars

Liev Schreiber, Olivia Williams, Elias Koteas

Frankly, Mars doesn't have the best track record: *John Carter*, *Red Planet*, *Mission to Mars*—all stinkers. But we've got a good feeling about this crisp, chilly-looking space thriller that has its feet firmly planted in the stylistic soil of Ridley Scott's immortal *Alien*. Schreiber and *Rushmore*'s lovely Williams don the pressure suits as astronauts who, on the last leg of their successful mission, find a mysterious object deep in a dusty canyon. Do quarantine protocols get abused? Is there violence and a lot of running around? You bet. But there's nothing wrong with following a tried-and-true formula, if you're executing it well.



The Hobbit: The Desolation of Smaug

Martin Freeman, Ian McKellen, Richard Armitage

Are your eyes still bleeding from that first installment, which made everything look like a daytime soap opera with a thing for dwarves? Director Peter Jackson may not have learned his lesson—he was experimenting with high frame rates, which gave that film a synthetic, super-high-def look—but all the complaining obscured a solid start; maybe not quite as grand as *The Lord of the Rings*, but good enough on its own terms. This second chapter promises to up the dramatic ante considerably: A mountain city is attacked, a lady elf warrior rises (*Lost*'s scrappy Evangeline Lilly), and a talking dragon comes to fire-breathing life.

REVIEWS



The Secret Life of Walter Mitty

Ben Stiller, Kristen Wiig, Adam Scott, Patton Oswalt

Stiller, serving both as romantic sad sack and director, turns James Thurber's cutting 1939 short story into an opportunity for sight gags in this schmaltzy take on a downsized New Yorker who yearns to make his fantasies real. Walter (Stiller) dreams of becoming an explorer of wintry no-man's-lands and a vaguely alluring coworker (Wiig)—and soon enough, that's exactly what happens. There's no explaining his psychological breakthrough; go bother the screenwriter with that. Hopefully, you'll be distracted enough by Stiller skateboarding down the side of a volcano or heading off to Afghanistan.



Her

Joaquin Phoenix, Amy Adams, Scarlett Johansson

In the spirit of *Blade Runner*—and, evidently, many an iPhone ad—writer-director Spike Jonze has built a romantic thinker of a sci-fi film, about an L.A. loner (a terrific Phoenix) who falls in love with his highly intuitive operating system. We never see “Samantha,” of course, but she's got an edge on Siri, particularly in her voice: husky, curious, and supplied by an impossible-not-to-envision Johansson. Jonze's vision of the future is arrestingly clean and hyperfunctional, yet his penchant for tweaking brains (*Being John Malkovich*) remains in full force. Some awkward romantic spats aside (system reboot!), this says something significant about the tech-addled way in which we live. **A—**



DVDs

BY KARA WAHLGREN

OLD FAVORITES

New year, new beginnings, blah blah blah. We're way more excited about some old standbys coming to Blu-ray this month.



Fast & Furious 6

By the time a franchise hits its sixth installment, it's usually shit on a stick. Imagine our surprise when we found, after a string of predictably formulaic rereads, a sequel that's actually—dare we say it?—better than the original. FBI honcho Hobbs (Dwayne Johnson) enlists Dom (Vin Diesel) and his team of street-racing criminals to keep a group of mercenaries from stealing a secret weapon. The catch: The mercenaries are being aided by Dom's amnesiac girlfriend, who was presumed dead. You may not get any culture points for watching it, but the chase scenes are extra-explosive in high-definition, and the Blu-ray includes behind-the-scenes footage and some exclusive high-def eye candy for gearheads.



Elysium

This big-budget sci-fi flick from Peter Jackson protégé Neill Blomkamp takes place in 2154, when the wealthy live on the titular pristine space station while everyone else slums it on a dystopian Earth. A military plant worker in Los Angeles with only a few days to live (Matt Damon) hopes to reach Elysium in time to heal himself via its medical pods. Instead, he finds himself on a mission to destroy class lines and make everyone on Earth a citizen of Elysium. Blomkamp's signature mix of low-fidelity realism and high-tech CGI rocks in 1080p, and special-effects junkies will love the exclusive Blu-ray extras, like featurettes on the design of Elysium, the imagined technology of 2154, and the visual effects themselves.



Despicable Me 2

We usually don't geek out about kids' movies—or at the very least we borrow somebody's children so we have a reason to watch. But when a movie has Russell Brand, Steve Carell, Kristen Wiig, and Ken Jeong on board, and Pharrell pens the soundtrack, we don't even need to play it cool. (And we're obviously not the only ones; the sequel raked in almost \$890 million worldwide.) Carell reprises his role as supervillain-turned-daddy Gru, who's recruited by the Anti-Villain League to take down a formidable new criminal who's stolen a top-secret Arctic laboratory. And because the minions are the little yellow soul of the movie, the supplements include three minion mini movies.



The Hangover Trilogy

The Wolfpack is reunited once more, in a four-disc set that compiles all three of the gang's progressively weirder adventures. From the hilarious original to the déjà vu sequel to the action-packed finale, you'll get all the Phil, Stu, Alan, Doug, and full-frontal Chow you can handle. The set also includes all the bonus material from previous DVDs, including gag reels, outtakes, featurettes, and more pics from that missing camera.



Big: 25th Anniversary Edition

Before Tom Hanks had enough gold statues to warrant their own Wikipedia page, he was mainly known as that TV actor who starred in *Splash*. His breakout performance here, as an oversize 12-year-old negotiating his way through yuppie hell, rocketed him onto the A-list. And if you were anywhere near preteen-age in 1988, you can probably pinpoint this as the reason you became a Hanks fan. The 25th Anniversary Blu-ray includes the theatrical and extended cuts, along with commentary by coproducers Gary Ross and Anne Spielberg, loads of behind-the-scenes footage and featurettes, and a few nostalgic extras (Zoltar card, anyone?).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FAST & FURIOUS 6) GILES KEYTE, (ELYSIUM) STEPHANIE BLOMKAMP/SONY PICTURES/EVERETT COLLECTION, (DESPICABLE ME 2) UNIVERSAL PICTURES/EVERETT COLLECTION, (THE HANGOVER TRILOGY) MELINDA SUE GORDON/WARNER BROS./EVERETT COLLECTION, (BIG) COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION

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TIME TRAVEL

Many of the best releases of 2013 drew from bygone eras to push music into the future.

While undeniably fun, year-end "best of" lists are also kind of ridiculous—there were roughly 75,000 albums released in 2013. In addition to the impossible-to-assess sheer quantity, there was also an overwhelming amount of quality. You think television is in a golden age? Check out the music section of review-aggregating site Metacritic, which compiles critics' responses to movies, TV shows, videogames, and music. They use a traffic-light system for their ratings—well-received releases get green, mixed-reviews get yellow, and bombs get red—and when it comes to the music section, it's green lights all the way down the avenue. (Compared with, say, the movies section, which is dotted with yellows and reds.) And no wonder: There's loads of great stuff out there.

Yet despite the surplus of quality, there's also an undercurrent of dissatisfaction humming beneath the current pop-music scene, as multifaceted as it is. There's a restlessness, a nagging concern that something's been lost in the digital age of ephemeral thrills—the singles-driven, short-attention-span world in which we live. Some of the year's most-talked-about albums borrowed from—and even yearned for—the past, while looking forward at the same time. With that notion in mind, we present our year-end best-of nods, divided into decades of influence.



Proto-Metal Division Best Black Sabbath-Inspired Riff-Rock Record *Fuzz, Fuzz*

With a first track called "Earthen Gate"—which may be the most Sabbath song title ever, including the entire Black Sabbath catalog—this latest Ty Segall project comes roaring out of the primordial metal ooze, blazing through eight scuzzy, fuzzy tunes that make isolation, death, and mayhem sound like a swinging, rocking good time.

Runner-up: 13, Black Sabbath
The original lineup, minus drummer Bill Ward, teamed up with producer Rick Rubin and gave it a shot. They came close on "Damaged Soul" and "Age of Reason."



Female Singer-Songwriter Division Best Album on the Crooked Line of Tradition Running From Joni Mitchell to Carole King to Liz Phair *Personal Record* Eleanor Friedberger

Friedberger's superskilled, easygoing backing band, her uniquely lovely voice, and, especially, her finely detailed lyrics carry this standout collection of "love songs that could be about you, your ex-boyfriend, or your aunt," as she put it earlier this year.

Runner-up: Cerulean Salt, Waxahatchee

There are moments when you'll swear that Katie Crutchfield, aka Waxahatchee, is singing just for you. Like a lullaby. A devastatingly sad, beautiful lullaby.



Disco Division Best Forward-Looking Disco-Era Homage *Random Access Memories*, Daft Punk

Europeans have often embraced goofiness in their approach to pop music (think Thomas Dolby and Kraftwerk). Here, in tracks like "Touch," which features seventies icon Paul Williams, French duo Daft Punk takes cheesiness to the outer reaches of the galaxy—and transforms it into something transcendently cool.

1980s



Hip-hop Division Best Slammingly Old-school Hip-hop Album *Run the Jewels, Run the Jewels*

Brooklyn's El-P and Atlanta's Killer Mike reunite following their collaboration on Mike's 2012 gem, *R.A.P. Music*—and they let it rip harder, meaner, and leaner.

Runner-up (Single): "Berzerk," Eminem

Produced by Rick Rubin, the thumping track samples Billy Squier's 1981 hit "The Stroke," and two songs from the Beastie Boys' 1986 debut *Licensed to Ill*, which Rubin also produced.



Pop Division Best Album That Would've Charted in 1985 *Days Are Gone, Haim*

The Haim sisters—Este, Danielle, Alana—were apparently weaned on the Eagles, Fleetwood Mac, and Madonna. Those influences, as well as R&B accents, crop up all over their breezy, self-assured debut.

Runner-up: *The Bones of What You Believe, Chvrches*

Fans of Depeche Mode, New Order, and Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark will sink their teeth into this streamlined electropop from the Glaswegian trio.

1990s



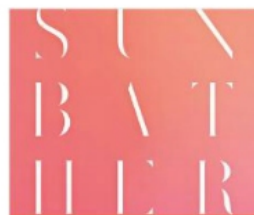
Indie-Rock Division Best Album That Could've Come Out on Matador in 1995 (and Also Sounds Great Today) *Major Arcana, Speedy Ortiz*

Check out "Cash Cab," with its machine-gun guitar, frontwoman Sadie Dupuis' Pavement-esque lyrics, and vocals that evoke Kim Deal and Carol Van Dyke of Bettie Serveert. There's nothing wrong with any of that. There's a lot that's right, too.

Runner-up: *I Bet on Sky, Dinosaur Jr.*

This would also sound great in 2005 and 2025.

SPANNING DECADES



Best Black Metal Album for People Who Don't Listen to Black Metal

Sunbather, Deafheaven
Deploying shoegaze (1980s), post-rock (1990s), and black metal (eternal, like Satan), Bay Area band Deafheaven's *Sunbather* is a beautiful, rumbling sea of a record, cast in shadow and sun.



Best Sci-fi-Soul Album *The Electric Lady, Janelle Monáe*

Her influences range from the 1960s to now, including Sly and the Family Stone, Stevie Wonder, Prince, and, on "Primetime," the Pixies (the track samples the alt-rockers' "Where Is My Mind?"), while her science-fiction aesthetic—including her android alter-ego, Cindi Mayweather—charts a course into the future.



Best Album to Help Push Nashville Into the Twenty-first Century

12 Stories, Brandy Clark
She steepens her music in decades of country tradition, then sneaks in lyrics that will press buttons in conservative Nashville.
Runner-up: *Same Trailer Different Park, Kacey Musgraves*
Clark cowrote three songs on here, and the two are cut from similar cloth.



Best Boundary-Pushing Hip-hop Record *Yeezus, Kanye West*

"Soon as they like you/ Make 'em unlike you," West sneers on the humbly (and hilariously) titled "I Am a God (feat. God)," and the sentiment as well as the sacrilegious title may as well be the album's chief operating principle. But *Yeezus* will do the opposite: It's a riveting mix of defiance, anger, id, humor, despair—and collisions of immaculately produced sound.



WORLD BOOGIE IS COMING

Best Americana Album That Draws From the '60s—the 1860s

World Boogie Is Coming, North Mississippi Allstars
Fife-and-drum music meets hip-hop on this record, which has as much variety as it does highlights—from Hill Country grooves to their funkied-up take on R. L. Burnside's "Snake Drive," to the more straightforward, back-porch pop of their version of Junior Kimbrough's "Meet Me in the City."



BENEATH THE COVERS

Rachel Brown is probably best known for her haunting, indie-chick renditions of pop hits like "Thriller" and "Genie in a Bottle," but we're about to get a closer look at the real Rachel.

The music industry can be brutal—unless you're Rachel Brown. The 26-year-old songwriter first picked up a guitar after her high school graduation; with some time to kill on summer vacation, she taught herself to play by reading *Guitar for Dummies*. Really. Between film classes at Harvard, she decided to give the music thing a shot. While on a family vacation in Bermuda in 2009, she played an open-mike night at Chewstick, a lounge run by an arts foundation on the island. The folks at the club loved her Caribbean-tinged acoustic pop enough to give her a spot at their annual BeachFest, warming up the crowd for Robin Thicke and Mary J. Blige. A few months later, she was playing the Bermuda Music Festival. Now she has a permanent residency at New York City's trendy West Village supper club the Darby, an EP called *Building Castles*, a slew of upcoming tour dates, and a list of fans that includes John Stamos and Wyclef Jean (who's in the habit of joining her onstage). We caught up with Brown to see how sudden stardom is treating her.

You were born and raised in New York City. What were you like growing up?

I would always try to learn different arts and crafts—painting, drawing, silk-screening. And then I'd move on. When I found music, it was the first thing that I never moved on from. It just stuck.

Your mom, Amsale, is a high-end wedding-gown designer. Does the creative gene run in the family?

It must! It's funny, because I never think hers is not a typical job. But yeah, I was in an environment where people supported and respected being creative, and I never felt like I

had to do something else if that was what I really loved.

What's your Bermuda connection?

My dad's mother is from there, and we travel there to visit family. In a weird way, Bermuda kick-started everything for me. I did an open mike, and that blossomed into more gigs—really big gigs that would've been hard to find in a place that has a lot of people competing for them.

What goes through your mind when, in one of your first live performances, you're opening for Mary J. Blige?

I was horrified—I mean, equal parts terrified and very excited. A lot of things I've done in my career were sort of curveballs—good curveballs, but they just came very fast. So I learned

by doing. That was one of those instances. I'd been doing open mikes, and all of a sudden I'm in a gigantic venue singing by myself. So it was terrifying, but I loved it.

You went to Harvard—does that mean you're an evil genius?

No, I'm just a good swindler and got my way in!

What drew you to studying film?

I found music right before I went to college, but there wasn't a contemporary music or performance [major]. I found a filmmaking class, and it was perfect because it was artistic but it wasn't abstract—I could make documentaries, and that was like storytelling, which was what I loved about songwriting.

When did you realize you wanted to be a musician?

Well, I have vague memories of wanting to be a singer when I was younger, but I remember it as more of a lofty goal, like "I want to be a princess!" But then I found all these journals from when I was eight and ten, and I wrote about how badly I wanted to sing. I just didn't realize I had those feelings. When I finished high school, I had some time off. I bought a guitar and started writing as I taught myself. And I just fell in love with it and never stopped.

And it's true you learned by reading *Guitar for Dummies*?

Very true. It's sitting on my bookshelf right now!

You released an EP, *Building Castles*, last year. Where did you get the inspiration for your songs?

I'll just sit down with my guitar and mumble and hum until something clicks, and then it all sort of spills out at once.

I've seen you compared to everyone from Norah Jones to Paul Simon. How would you describe your sound?

I wouldn't even dare to describe it! I always have trouble putting a concise word on it. I just like to bring different genres that I love, and incorporate them into feel-good,



Butter Group—it owns the Darby—asking if I could come in and meet them. They gave me a trial date. I had recently reconnected with Wyclef, and I happened to run into him on the street by my apartment a week before the show, and I was like, “Oh, you should come check me out at the Darby. It’s my first time there.” He texted me right before I was going out for my second or third set and was like, “I’m coming!” I was like, *This is a joke I don’t get*. But sure enough, halfway through the set, he strolls onstage and plays with me, and then ELEW showed up, and it ended up being this amazing set. And I’ve been there every week.

That’s one way to nail a job interview.

Somebody at the company recently said to me, “I thought you planned that.” I was like, “No, I swear I’m not that cheeky! That was all luck!”

You and ELEW recently did a cover of Rihanna’s “Stay.” How did that happen?

ELEW has been a friend for a while and an amazing supporter. One day I was messing around with “Stay”—I thought it was a beautiful song, and I was trying to play it on my guitar, but it didn’t have the same emotion. And I thought, *Oh, my gosh, this would be an incredible way to work with ELEW*. And he so kindly agreed. We sat and played it a couple of times and then recorded it. It was really fun.

You have a ton of cover songs on YouTube. Anything you’d be too intimidated to cover?

Definitely. Everyone’s always like, “Oh, cover this Adele song,” and I’m like, “Are you crazy? *Nobody* should cover an Adele song!”

What are your plans for the coming year?

I’ll start touring colleges, which is fun and interesting. I’m still at the Darby, and I play around the city a bunch. And then I’ll be going back to writing and recording. I’m excited to translate what’s been happening with the band, because the whole energy level has amped up since the last project.

Anything we won’t see you doing?

I don’t know. I’m afraid to say, because the next day I’ll end up doing it. Who knows? I go with the wind. ☺

emotional music. Like, I tell stories about my life and things people can relate to, but also have a little bit of a party while doing it.

Wyclef Jean is apparently a big fan of yours. Do you know how he got into your music?

I met him at the Bermuda Music Festival in 2009. It was a three-day festival, and he played one night and I played a different night. At the beginning of his show, he was like, “I’m not going to stop playing until everybody goes home.” And he literally played for four hours, until half the venue was empty. He finally had to stop because the show was at the end of the island, and no more ferries were running. I was really inspired

by him being so community-minded with a stadium full of people. Over the years we kept crossing paths, and at a charity event he invited me to come up and sing with him—which, again, was one of those situations where I was like, *I have no right to do this, but I’m going to do it!* It was, like, five days after [my Harvard] graduation. I was terrified about jumping into this business, but that was all the motivation I needed.

How did the residency at the Darby come about?

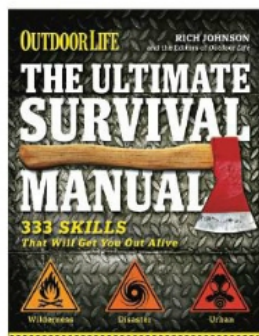
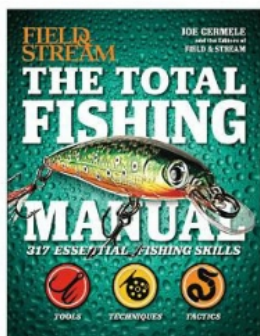
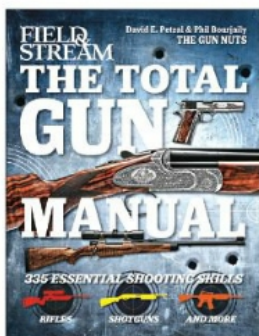
I got an email from somebody at the



READS

EYE CANDY

Fill last-minute holes on your holiday list with these visual treats. • By Barbara Rice Thompson



088 FIND THOSE WINTER BEDS

If you aspire to be among the growing number of feral deer hunters, then you must realize that the end of deer season is not an end at all, but the beginning of the next hunting season. In other words, get ready for about seven or eight months of scouting.

The day after the last day is the first day (you wish) when it doesn't matter whether or not you speak deer. This is critically important because it means that you are suddenly free to go prancing into those recently unapproachable bedding areas to figure out exactly where those elusive deer sleep.

So as soon as the season ends, go for a hike. Score every potential bedding area, looking for both back and deer beds (read more on this in Chapter One).

Where you do this will have precisely where deer were bedding on your property during the last season. If food sources stay mostly the same, it's a good bet those deer will be down in the same spots during the last few weeks of next year's season. And you'll have them pegged.

089 GET ON THE WHITE TRACK

When they're steeled on the ground, every step a deer takes is a matter of public record, and nothing gives you a better big-picture view of how deer use your property than following their footprints during the off-season. This is equally true whether you're scouting in the dead of winter or in early spring.

Changing food sources affect the deer's movements to a point, but remain and cover primarily dictate the ways in which deer navigate the landscape, and those factors stay largely the same all year. So the snow-covered off-season is the perfect time to identify lanes, pinch points, and other must-pass points.

As you follow in their footprints, pay careful attention to the line of the tracks ahead. When you see the trail swing around the head of a wash, saddle a particular ridge, or slip through a certain saddle, that's something to make a note of. Deer may not always be moving through that area, but when they are, they'll use the same corridor—and you'll know right where to hang your stand.



090 TAKE AN INVENTORY OF BEDS

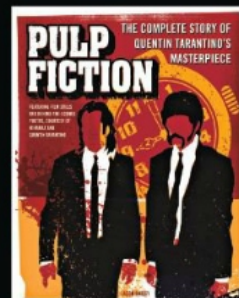
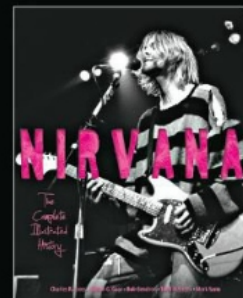
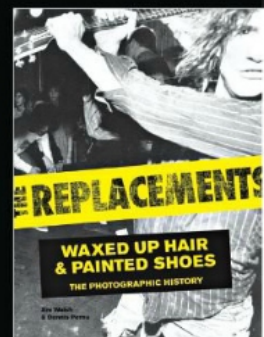
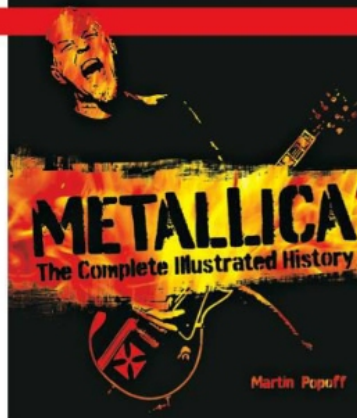
Come on, admit it: When you say "bedding area," you are, of course, a deer hunter, aren't you? What you really mean by that is, "one of those places where it's thicker, maybe..." With diligence and patience, though, you can be much more precise than that.

First, carry a GPS whenever you are scouting or walking your hunting area. Second, every time you come across a deer bed, make a waypoint whose name indicates whether it's a back or deer bed, what property you're on, and when you found it.

Finally, transfer your waypoints to Google Earth as a large paper map when you get home. Eventually, you will have an inventory of all the consistent bedding areas on your property. Yes, deer commonly switch bedding areas through the year. But this way, when you find a hot food source in the fall, you may well reveal where deer are most likely bedded in relation to the grub. And that

BESTUAL ON: FINDING THE SURVIVORS

One of the coolest uses of a trail camera is to learn which bucks survived the hunting season. The trick is simple: Hang cameras near the best sign on the hottest winter food source immediately after the season closes. If your property is lacking solid winter food—well, it's hard to do so—make a spread of shelled corn (please use 5-gallon jugs per 40 acres) and get ready to inventory some tracks. It's a couple weeks, you should have photos of just about all of your hunting season survivors.



MUSIC MEN

Voyageur Press is known for its photo-heavy music histories, and these new releases are as good as any in the company's past. *Metallica: The Complete Illustrated History*, from heavy metal heavyweight journalist Martin Popoff, is being billed as "the first complete illustrated treatment," and who are we to argue? There are some 300 photos, stories, and a discography with reviews by a number of well-known writers, plus a second list of every album, single, EP, and video. (\$35)

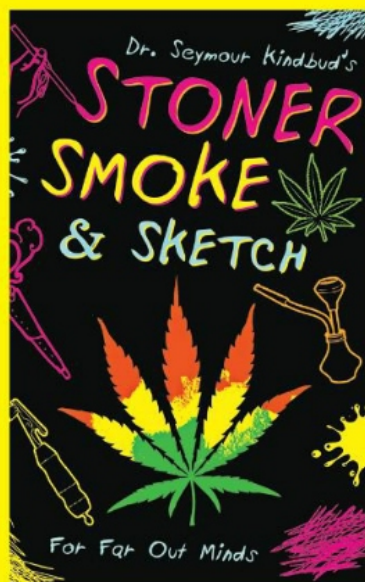
The Replacements: Waxed Up Hair & Painted Shoes: The Photographic History, is Jim Walsh's follow-up to *The Replacements: All Over But the Shouting: An Oral History*; and it's the ideal companion piece, not to mention must-have fun for Mats fans who remember the band's energetic, frenetic clothes-swapping, instrument-trading live shows. (\$30)

What with the recent 20th anniversary of Nirvana's last album, it's been impossible to avoid talking heads discussing the band that personified nineties discontent with the musical status quo. You'll still enjoy *Nirvana: The Complete Illustrated History*, which includes pieces on the band's tumultuous history by several respected journalists, including Charles Cross, Andrew Earles, Todd Martens, Gillian Gaar, and *Penthouse* contributor Jim DeRogatis. (\$35)

Or dive into another pop-culture genre with Voyageur's *Pulp Fiction: The Complete Story of Quentin Tarantino's Masterpiece*, by Jason Bailey. You're likely to learn more than you wanted to know about Q.T.'s influential film from the sidebars on production details, but we couldn't get enough of the stories about memorable scenes and dialogue. (\$35)

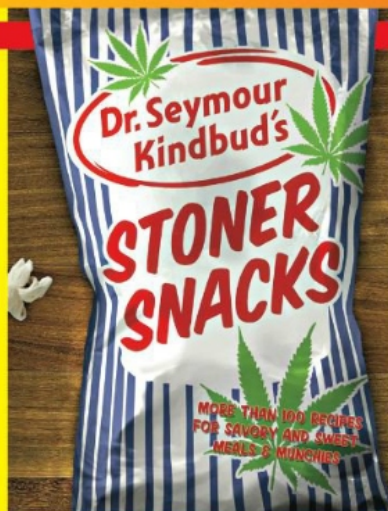
GUYS' GUIDES

These Weldon Owen books offer bite-size installments of advice about everything from fishing and hunting to building first-aid kits and surviving nuclear fallout. The newest installment, *The Total Deer Hunter Manual*, by Scott Bestul and David Hurteau, authors of *Field & Stream's* Whitetail 365 blog, is... well, the name kind of says it all. (*Field & Stream* books: \$27 each; *Survival Manual*: \$25)



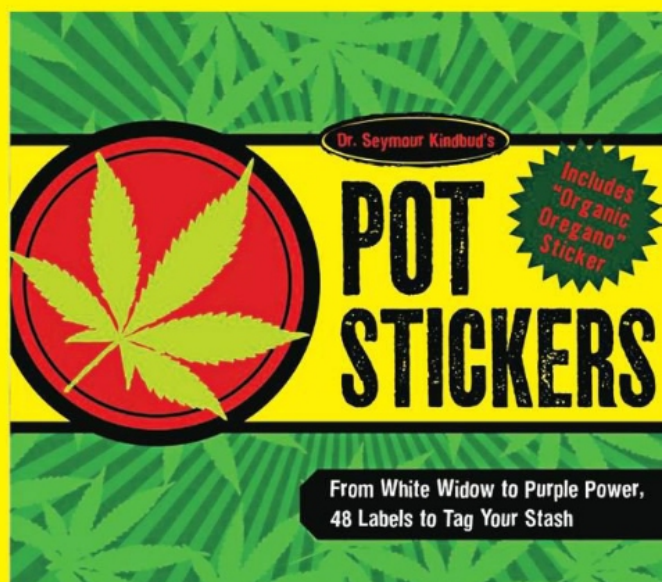
THE HIGH LIFE

Anyone who's in the habit of lighting up to mellow out will enjoy Dr. Seymour Kindbud's entertaining little books from Cider Mill Press. **Stoner Smoke & Sketch** is an "art" book



with 22 scratch-off pages (which are revealed with a "wooden sketch spliff") and 22 black-and-white illustrations that will help anyone produce colorful stoner artwork. (\$17)

Stoner Snacks is a real cookbook, with recipes for dips, entrées, and sweets that will satisfy the munchies and get whoever's eating even more baked. Of course, it includes recipes for the required souped-up ingredients: Augmented Oil,



From White Widow to Purple Power, 48 Labels to Tag Your Stash

Bong Butter, Amazing Mayo, Bhang Booster, and Booze With Buzz. (\$13)

Pot Stickers is, literally, a book of stickers about pot. We suggest not using them on your vehicle unless you like getting hassled by the Man. (\$13)



MISCELLANEOUS MAGNIFICENCE

Since not everyone likes books, even ones that are as nonwordy as these, we decided to round up a few other pop-culture-type cool things.

Sons of Anarchy cigars

What TV show so perfectly lends itself to a cigar branding as *Sons of Anarchy*? We say none. These SOA cigars from Black Crown come in great packaging, and they're even getting good reviews from experts. (Prices vary depending on size, but average about \$30 per five pack.)

This **Harley Quinn/Poison Ivy** collectible adds fun Christmas elements to already sexy DC villains.



The ladies are beautifully painted, with great details (although we don't understand the pointy elf ears on Poison Ivy), and it comes with a holiday calendar insert. (\$100)

Beam us clean, Scotty. **The Star Trek transporter-room shower curtain and bath mat set** turns your bathroom into the *Enterprise* transporter room. The incredible 3-D effect makes it too much fun to leave off the list. Available at ThinkGeek.com. (\$50)





IMMIGRANT SONG

In a poignant new memoir, best-selling novelist Gary Shteyngart riffs on his life as a transplanted Soviet in the late-twentieth century U.S. of A. By John Bolster

Little Failure: A Memoir

By Gary Shteyngart

The phrase “you can’t judge a book by its cover” has increasingly less meaning in today’s publishing marketplace. The cover of Gary Shteyngart’s new memoir, for example, features a black-and-white photo of the author as a fairly adorable toddler, seated in a stylish toy car, in some drab, beige-curtained Soviet photo studio circa 1974. At once achingly sad and funny, stark and lovable, the image captures many of the qualities that lie ahead in Shteyngart’s excellent memoir of life in an angst-ridden Soviet expat family. That sharp-eyed, asthmatic little boy is about to embark on a rocky journey from Leningrad to Queens, New York, to college in Ohio—before launching a career as an acclaimed novelist.



Highbrow/Lowbrow Satirical Excerpt of the Month

From *Raw: A Love Story*

By Mark Haskell Smith

In Smith’s fast-paced, funny send-up of both high and pop culture, reality-TV Adonis Sepp Gregory has written a book, and it’s a best-seller getting rave reviews. But literary blogger Harriet Post smells a rat, and she’s determined to uncover it. When she does, she gains an unexpected bedfellow. Here she is settling in to listen to her favorite literary radio show—hosted by the esteemed Titus Goldberger—only to find it invaded by this ... Sepp person:

“Titus Goldberger wasn’t the kind of person to suffer fools and Harriet couldn’t wait to see what he would do.”

“... But today Goldberger—who usually seemed so aloof and erudite—was positively gushing....”

“‘When I think of debut novels ... I rarely find language worth relishing ... but in your book, *Totally Reality*, I have to admit that I found myself in awe of the maturity of voice and the perfect precision of the narrative.’”

“There was a long pause and then Harriet heard the author speak.”

“‘Awesome.’”

“‘That’s what I’m trying to say.... You cut to the heart with the perfect word, the mot juste. I see that over and over in your book.’”

“‘Yeah. I’m like, you know, just, let’s get to it.’”

“Harriet kept waiting, hoping, for Titus Goldberger to spring the trap.... [But the host praises the TV star’s physique, then makes a request.]”

“‘You want me to take my shirt off?’”

“‘Is that asking too much? Have I crossed a line of propriety?’”

“And that’s when Harriet’s hand began to twitch.”

UNDER THE INFLUENCE



Sam Thompson on what books inspired his new *Communion Town*.

Long-listed for the Man Booker Prize, Sam Thompson’s *Communion Town* charts an imaginary city through the perspectives of ten of its marginalized citizens. Speaking to Goodreads recently, Thompson revealed some of his influences:

“There are great, great writers about weird cities, ambiguous cities, cities in which reality doesn’t take one, single, stable shape. A touchstone for me is *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, by Robert Louis Stevenson.... It’s this textbook example of a city in which the characters’ psychological condition is projected out into the architecture—this kind of split, double, weird place where the front door of Jekyll’s house is in the nice part of the city, and the back door is in the slums. G. K. Chesterton, [in the] *Father Brown* stories ... he writes stories which make you think that something truly inexplicable has happened, that there’s been some kind of miracle in the story, and then Father Brown comes along and explains to you why it’s actually all perfectly ordinary.... I thought that’s a great thing in a detective story.”



GETTING GRAPHIC

Penthouse Comix delivers beautifully drawn graphic novels with a special adults-only twist.

These erotic editions were published starting in 1994, and have long been out of print, but now you can catch up with **sexy superheroes**, **desirous damsels in distress**, and **villainous vixens** as drawn by such industry heavyweights as **Milo Manara**, **Horacio Altuna**, **Arthur Suydam**, **Adam Hughes**, **Kevin Nowlan**, and many more.

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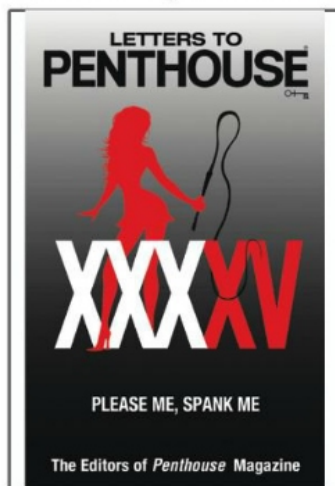
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COLD FUSION

Brace for impact with our roundup of winter gear. • By Crispin Boyer



■ DOA snowboard

CAPITA • \$400

Looks typically take second place to talent in the terrain park, where riders queue up to watch one another sail or bail. This board delivers the best of both worlds. Scantly clad babes wield submachine guns—the titular “Defenders of Awesome” from the board’s title—on the deck graphics, but underneath the green-friendly topsheet you’ll find features that are nearly as attractive. The board’s unique shape (just a hint of camber in the middle) is built for speed on the flats, but the carbon-fiber core and the tremendous spring of the nose and tail give more than enough lift to clear the flats, even on little kickers.



■ Apex HD+ camera-equipped goggles

Liquid Image • \$400

These goggles hide a high-definition camera between the eyes of the frame. A rotating lens lets you dial down the viewing angle from extreme fish-eye mode, while the camera records up to 1080p video at 30 frames per second (or passable 720p video at 60 frames per second). It also can snap continuous 12-megapixel shots to capture action sequences for social-networking updates. It isn’t as feature-packed as the latest GoPro Hero cam, but then the Apex doesn’t scream, “Look at me! I need to record every minute on the mountain!”



■ HeatWave gloves

Seirus • \$120

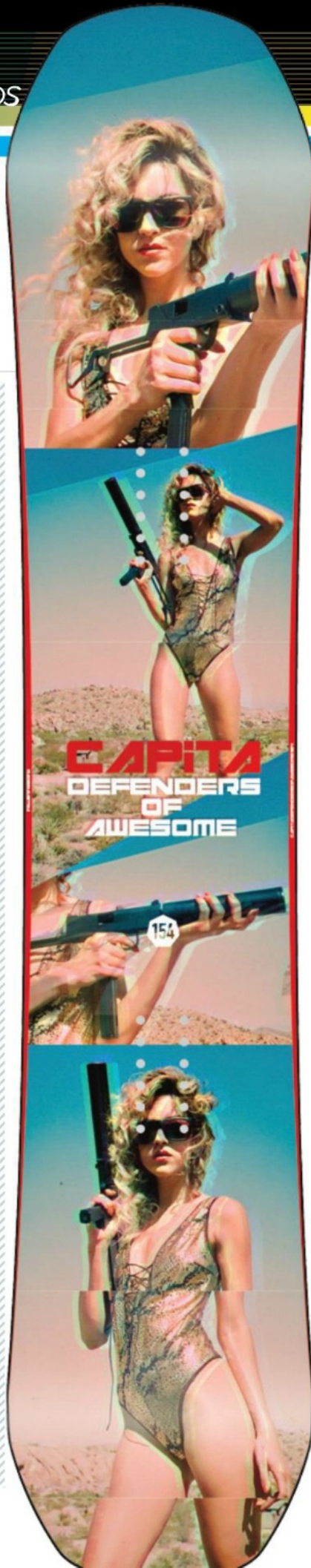
Stay on the mountain longer with these heated gloves. Past models relied on tiny rechargeable batteries in the wrist that powered thermal panels, but the HeatWave line is made of proprietary fibers that convert kinetic energy into warmth, which is amplified an extra four to five degrees by a reflective liner. As long as you keep moving, your hands will stay toasty and dry. And because they lack batteries, the HeatWave gloves are light and less bulky, offering a second-skin feel with touchpad-sensitive fingers for texting buddies between runs.



■ Flexcell protective vest

Salomon • \$179

“Go big or go home” is a perfectly reasonable slogan to espouse around the terrain park—as long as you don’t end up going home in a full-body cast. The Flexcell gives your back some extra backup (and your spine a boost of backbone) should you misjudge a jump or mess up on a mogul. A rigid mesh keeps your vertebrae from bending like spaghetti in any mishap, although the vest is still flexible enough to allow freedom of movement. Best of all, its low-profile frame fits under your jacket, so reckless park punks won’t know you’re packing protection.





■ Float 22 pack

BCA • \$500

This is a pricey backpack that you hope you never need to use for its intended purpose. Inside, there's an air bag connected to a canister of compressed air. If you ever feel the earth move beneath your feet and look up to see a wall of snow crashing downhill, make a fast grab for the pack's activation handle. The air bags inflate in seconds, like an airline flotation vest, keeping you above the snow and alive as you ride the avalanche down. It's slim enough to wear on the chairlift, not to mention an excellent insurance policy for skiers, hikers, and snowboarders who like to head out-of-bounds and way off-piste.



■ Ultracraft Splitboard


Jones • \$1,200

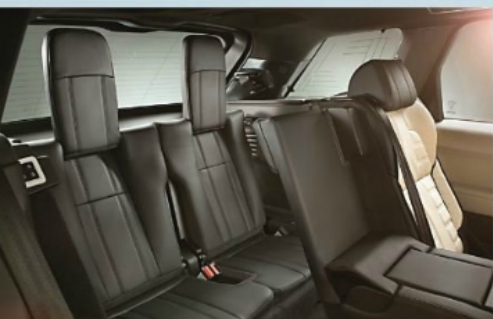
The first wave of dual-purpose boards were little more than conventional snowboards hacked in half and clipped together—a novelty for wishy-washy riders who couldn't choose between skiing or snowboarding. Then industry legend Jeremy Jones decided to create a splitboard that actually performed. Each half is designed as a self-contained ski with its own core. When the halves are combined, the Ultracraft is still surprisingly lightweight, and more than responsive enough for aggressive downhill attacks and even a little time in the park. It's geared toward advanced riders, but most dual-sport aficionados are well past the bunny-hill stage.



■ Symbol MIPS helmet

Scott • \$200

Scott's flagship helmet is easy on both the eyes and your brain. It incorporates Swedish noggin-protecting tech called MIPS (Multidirectional Impact Protection System), which mimics the fluid barrier of the human noodle. Unlike the padding in conventional downhill hard hats, MIPS guards against the glancing impacts that are just as capable of ringing your bell as head-on strikes. Brain protection aside, the Symbol comes with multiple venting options, removable ear covers, a snap-on visor, and a rotary-dial fit system. Colors include a dark gray reminiscent of the Death Star, but the pure white looks even sleeker—as long as you keep your brains off it. 



It was a very revealing ride, with some of the curviest and most challenging roads coastal Northern California had to offer, and a machine that was right at home blasting around this tasty tarmac. The all-new Range Rover Sport Supercharged (a trim designation as well as a description of the V-8 under the hood) was a fitting companion for such a day's motoring, what with 510 horsepower on tap, a stout aluminum unibody that's 800 pounds lighter than its predecessor, a fully independent suspension armed with air springs, sophisticated electronic steering, and Dynamic Response software that adjusts suspension rates in microseconds to changing road conditions. Despite the savings in weight, the Range Rover Sport feels even more planted and solid than the previous version, and tremendous effort has gone into keeping the driver connected to what the tires are doing, while isolating

SPECIFICATIONS

| | |
|--------------|-----------------------------|
| Body style | Four-door SUV |
| Engine | Five-liter Supercharged V-8 |
| Power | 510 horsepower |
| Torque | 461 foot-pounds |
| Transmission | Eight-speed automatic |
| Front tires | 255/55 R20 |
| Rear tires | 255/55 R20 |
| Curb weight | 5,093 pounds |

PERFORMANCE

| | |
|------------|--------------------|
| 0-60 | Five seconds |
| Top speed | 155 mph |
| Fuel | 27.7 gallons |
| EPA mpg | 14 city/19 highway |
| Base price | \$79,995 |



ALL IT NEEDS IS A CAPE

Range Rover creates the ultimate wheeled conveyance. • By Bill Heald

unnecessary noise and chassis creaks. In fact, the components are so well insulated that even the compressor that adds air to the springs as needed is undetectable.

The high-performance kit is topped off with top-shelf Brembo brakes, and not only does this vehicle shed pounds via the new alloy construction (including the body structure as well as the suspension hardware), but it literally feels like it abandons its SUV body for more of a sports-car physique when you wick it up on the road. The muscle of the Supercharged V-8 is announced via the bravado of the exhaust note, leaving you craving the next opportunity to open up the smooth, effortless engine. A Supercharged V-6 is available as well, and to be honest the V-6 feels a bit more athletic in the twisties than the V-8 did. But those extra cylinders in the larger engine get used both on road and off, and are the ultimate motivators for such an entertaining chassis.

So far, so good, right? But anything that has such impeccable road

manners has to mean a compromise when you direct it toward the pavement-free paths—or so you might think. But that's where the Range Rover Sport truly wins you over, for if you don't take it down the gnarliest, most challenging off-road goat trail you can find, you're not going to see it at its best.

There are two Intelligent 4WD systems available, and the Sport really shows its versatility when you engage the electronic Terrain Response 2 settings (General, Grass/Gravel/Snow, Mud/Ruts, Sand, and Rock Crawl). You also can just leave it on automatic and let the NASA-worthy computer center do the thinking for you. With the air springs in full off-road mode, the formerly road-hugging chassis has 11 inches of ground clearance, and can wade through streams up to 33 inches deep. The thing that impressed me most, though, as I negotiated between 1,000-year-old redwoods (on a private ranch in the heart of the Silicon Valley), was not just the Sport's unstoppable demeanor, but how easy

it was to conduct over terrain that would have made for a challenging walk. Impressive maneuverability and a solid, squeak-free cabin left me amazed that this was the same British aristocrat that was so at home on the parkway earlier in the day.

And so we have the key to the production of a true super ride: the ability to navigate just about any type of road, rocky path, or challenging weather event without breaking a sweat, all while surrounding you and your prized passengers with peerless comfort and all the electronic amenities you could wish for. Great vehicles don't just happen: Land Rover spent years on this latest Range Rover Sport and tested more than 200 preproduction mules in 20 countries to work out the bugs. Talking to the engineers at the press launch revealed the deep level of commitment they and the company as a whole have to this vehicle, and the result is something exemplary on the road that rises to extraordinary when you head for the hills. Bravo, mates. 



TURN ON THE LIGHT

Kawasaki doubles down in the lightweight sport-bike stakes.

By Bill Heald





SPECIFICATIONS


| | |
|------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| Engine type | Liquid-cooled parallel twin |
| Bore x stroke | 62mm x 49mm |
| Displacement | 296 cc |
| Fuel system | Digital Fuel Injection |
| Ignition | TCBI with digital advance |
| Transmission | Six speed |
| Front suspension | 37mm telescopic forks |
| Rear suspension | Uni-Trak single shock, preload adjustable |
| Front brake | Single 290mm petal disc, optional ABS |
| Rear brake | Single 220mm petal disc, optional ABS |
| Front tire | 110/70-17 |
| Rear tire | 140/70-17 |
| Fuel tank | 4.5-gallon capacity |
| Wheelbase | 55.3 inches |
| Seat height | 30.9 inches |
| Curb weight | 379.3 pounds; with ABS: 383.7 pounds |
| Base price | \$4,999; ABS: \$5,299; SE: \$5,199; ABS: \$5,499 |

While some riders like as much iron under them as they can muster, the fact is that weight is the enemy of performance.

This is true for all aspects of riding dynamics, including acceleration, handling, and braking. Over the years, motorcycle manufacturers have found ways to reduce curb weight while increasing engine output and the performance of everything from brakes to suspension components. So when Kawasaki announces a sport bike like the all-new Ninja 300, those who in the past might have said “beginner bike” realize there’s a new entry in the ultralightweight sporting arena.

Unlike the current crop of 250 singles, this new Ninja is a twin—Kawasaki used two pistons instead of one, and overall a slightly larger displacement. With a power curve ideally suited to sport riding and careful attention given to limiting vibration, all-day apex carving and even the odd road trip are encouraged. This hot little sportster is also ideally suited for commuter chores, thanks to its affordable price, excellent fuel economy, and ability to be parked anywhere. These attributes enhance practicality, and then there’s the fact that the crisp response to rider inputs (especially the bike’s handling when quick changes in direction are called for) makes that daily trip home a very entertaining affair. It also can easily outperform most cars with a flick of the wrist.

The heart of the matter is a state-of-the-art vertical twin engine that is loaded with the latest friction-reducing tricks to maximize output, smoothness, and durability. Digital fuel injection manages the fuel induction, with the power ultimately getting to the rear wheel via a six-speed transmission and chain final drive. The clutch on this Ninja is unusual for the class in that it’s a “slipper” design, which has benefits for all types of riders. First seen in racing applications, this clutch can allow some plate slippage during aggressive downshifts, which means it’s much harder to lock up the rear wheel by shifting into too low a gear upon deceleration, as the clutch can pick up some of the energy instead of just the rear tire. Further advancements include a frame with tuned front-engine mounts to aid smoothness, petal-shaped brake discs to dissipate heat (and ABS is available), and a handsome, comprehensive instrument cluster. Suspension tuning (which the entire Ninja line offers) was tweaked at Kawasaki’s Autopolis test facility to sharpen the handling and stability of the lightweight chassis.

The comfy upright riding position allows both painless days in the saddle and effortless squirting through urban traffic, while the 4.5-gallon tank, coupled with the bike’s modest appetite for fuel (68 miles per gallon), ensures lots of miles between stops. Special Edition (SE) models include cranked-up paint schemes to add more individuality to your ride. 

NEW YEAR'S REVOLUTIONS

Gadgets that will rock your world in 2014. • By Crispin Boyer



■ 55EA9800 curved HDTV

LG • \$10,000

While most high-end boob tubes promise to deliver the theater experience at home, this flagship 55-inch model goes a step further—it promises an IMAX experience. Its most standout feature is its curved design; the cutting-edge and ultra-svelte (thinner than a pencil) screen subtly wraps your media room in a stunning 1080p display. But the slight warp is a gimmick compared to its OLED technology. Because each pixel can switch on and off, the display delivers black levels and a contrast ratio that you just don't see on standard LEDs of similar size. Toss in voice recognition and internet-connectivity features, and the insane price tag starts to make sense.



■ Hanwell speaker

Marshall • \$600

This tabletop speaker—designed to look like a vintage guitar amp—is a throwback in every way, right down to its bass and treble knobs and total lack of Wi-Fi, Bluetooth, Airplay, or any other sort of wireless connectivity. (The sole input is a 3.5mm headphone cable, and even that looks like a classic guitar cable.) But what the Hanwell lacks in connectivity features, it makes up for in teeth-loosening performance. The 17-inch-wide wooden cabinet (clad in black vinyl) houses twin 100-watt subwoofers and high-fidelity tweeters. The sound quality far exceeds anything you'll hear in modern systems, which suffer signal loss. This is what music sounded like before audio gear went digital and wireless.



■ Envy Phoenix 810

HP • \$1,300

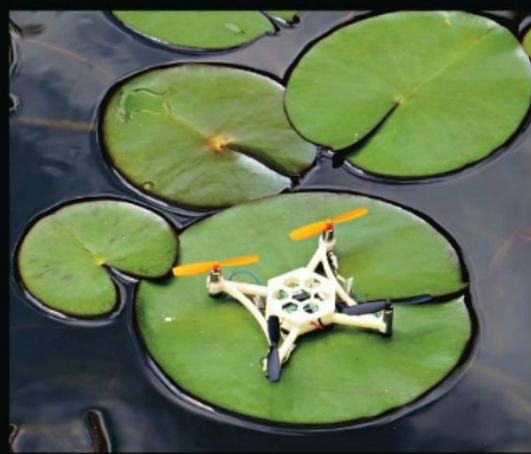
This desktop system defies the notion that PC gaming is dead (hence the unkillable bird in the system's name). The tower itself is a bulky throwback, but the guts are gloriously modern: a Core i7 Extreme Processor, your choice of NVIDIA discrete graphics or AMD ultra-high-performance graphics, and Beats Audio compatibility. Pair it with HP's 23tm Touch Monitor for an extra \$350 if Windows 8's gesture features are important to you.



■ Eclipse customizable headphones

Myth Labs • \$260

If you're not happy with Myth Labs' noise-canceling, over-the-ear headphones, you only have yourself to blame. You actually build these modular headphones from a selection of band and ear-cup styles and colors, as well as speaker type, depending on your taste in musical styles and formats (from memory-hogging CD-quality files to low-bit-rate MP3 files and YouTube videos). Order multiple interchangeable bands to coordinate with your deejaying duds. Regardless of the components, the full range packs powerful noise reduction, in-line controls, and built-in mikes for taking calls if your player of choice is a smartphone. The free iMyth Labs Sonic Signature app is your starting point for picking the right components, based on your personal preferences and age.



■ Hex RC microcopter

Hex Airbot • From \$49

This touch-screen-controlled "quadcopter" is smaller than a pack of smokes, easy to fly, more nimble than a hummingbird—and supremely customizable, thanks to its 3-D-printed hardware. The base model gets you off the ground for up to seven minutes on a single charge. Auto-stabilization algorithms keep it flying right as you guide it on an Apple or Android phone or tablet. Upgrades add extra propellers for speed and stability, customizable bodies in suggestive shapes, even a camera for spying on your neighbors' backyard barbecue or getting a simulated cockpit view via first-person glasses. That kit'll cost you \$469—and possibly a lost lunch or two from motion sickness.



■ Canary security system

Canary • \$200

Until now, home-security tech could go in one of two directions: multiple room sensors from the likes of subscription-based ADT, or cheap ones from Walmart. The Canary takes a different approach: For \$200, you get a sensor the size of a Budweiser can that sits in the center of your home. It features a wide-angle, high-definition camera with night vision, a motion detector, a microphone, and sensors that pick up changes in temperature (for fires) and air quality. Instead of linking to a call center if it senses unauthorized activity, it sends you a text message to let you know conditions are amiss. If you don't answer, the system will alert a friend on your contact list. It transmits real-time, high-def video so you can monitor the scene for funny business, or just make sure a neighbor isn't raiding your liquor cabinet. 

■ Hoop Tracker

Wireless Sports, LLC • \$199

If all those hours spent glued to the couch playing NBA 2K games have eroded your nonvirtual hoops skills, maybe it's time you strapped this on. The sweatproof wristwatch adds videogame-style challenges and scoring to a real-life court, helping you improve your shooting abilities while you compete with friends online. A sensor mounted on the rim works with the watch to monitor your shot accuracy and distance. Preset games include a three-point contest, a free-throw challenge, a jump-shot test, a score timer, and a mix of all the modes. You can even create your own training program or game with the included software.





Last New Year's Eve at a raucous house party, long after the ball dropped and people were hooking up, a female friend and I were still going strong—drinking, I mean. We got to talking about the holiday, the weird resolutions people make, and that we were the only ones at the party who wouldn't be getting laid that night. The fact that I wasn't making a move on her was kind of crazy, considering she's smoking hot and I'll screw just about anything. Then she said that if the two of us are hanging out next New Year's Eve, and neither of us is in a relationship, our resolution should be to screw each other. I agreed, of course. I'm not stupid.

Fast-forward to this year: We'll both be at the same party. I'm single. She's single. I want to fuck her but don't really know how to play the situation. Do I remind her of our resolution? Do I play it cool and hope she remembers? Should I forget it ever happened and concentrate on other single women at the party?

Congrats on starting off 2013 like a giant dump in the diaper of Baby New Year. A woman said that she'll bang you next year and you didn't ask, "What's wrong with this year?" She was testing you and you failed. If a woman will fuck you in the future, she'll fuck you today. And you say you're not stupid.

Since you can't change the past, let's work on the future. Have you ever met a woman? Talked to a woman? Dated a woman? I'm assuming you haven't, since you wonder if she'll remember what she said. Um, chicks remember *everything*. She remembers what she wore, the booze she chugged, the words she muttered, and even what you wore, what you said, and every other minor detail about that night. She remembers what she said, and the only thing she's going to be wondering is why you've wasted 364 daily opportunities to get in her pants.

As for the party, an hour or so into the festivities, playfully say to her, "I remember what you said last year. If you play your cards right, I might consider it." She'll play dumb, so tell her that when the time is right you'll refresh her memory. Remember to keep it light. If you say it matter-of-factly, you'll come off creepier than that guy dressed as Baby New Year with mistletoe hanging above his dick. Spend the rest of the night trying to hook up with a different chick, because you don't have any guarantee that she won't either find someone else herself or play hard to get because you acted like such a dick last year. As it gets close to midnight, be in her general vicinity, but not breathing down her neck. When kisses are handed out like condoms at a college wellness center, find her and plant a good one on her. You'll know immediately if any other balls will be dropping that evening—like yours on her chin. ㊦

THE BALL DROP

Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to recover after you fumbled a pass in a big way.

Illustration by Celia Calle



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Holiday Spirits

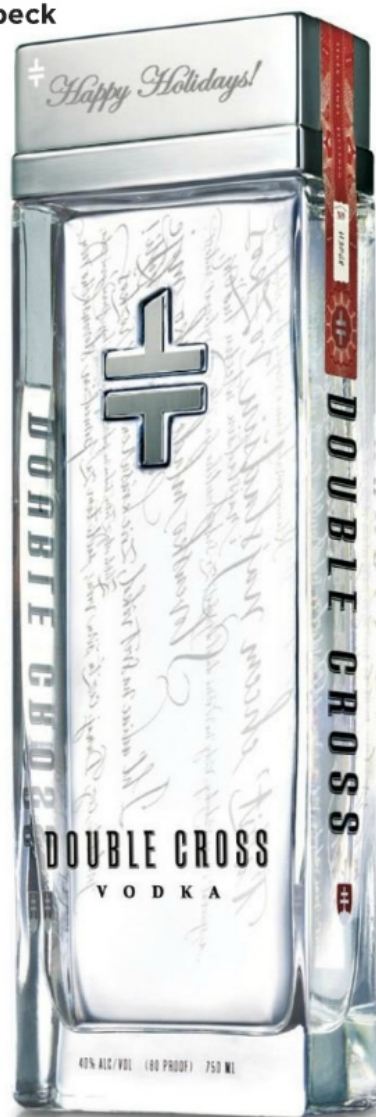
So you haven't finished shopping yet? No problem. You can't go wrong with a good bottle of booze and a festive bow.

By Deirdre Goldbeck

Crystal Clear

If you've ever tasted **Double Cross** vodka (750ml/\$40), then you know it's special. This small-batch spirit is handcrafted in a thirteenth-century village in Slovakia and distilled and filtered seven times to produce a taste so clean it can be enjoyed neat or in a cocktail. There's everything good here, from the pure taste to the French-crystal bottle that's laser-engraved with poetry, but nothing elevates a gift even more than a personal holiday message or a favorite logo. For that special person on your list, complimentary engraving is available (DoubleCrossVodka.com/engraving), and each bottle comes with a gift bag and tag.

For the rocker on your list, try the Rolling Stones 50th Anniversary limited-edition gift set (\$100) from Dan Aykroyd's **Crystal Head** vodka; the set includes a zippered display case in the image of the *Sticky Fingers* album cover, a bottle of vodka with a crystal decanter stopper engraved with the band's lip-and-tongue logo, an anniversary bottle tattoo, and a two-CD roundup of live hits. Who wouldn't be satisfied? (CrystalHeadVodka.com)



Rum Love

The workaholic obsessed with deadlines and deals should heed this sage advice from the family behind **Cruzan Estate Diamond** dark and light rums (750ml/\$20): "Embrace the Don't Hurry and sit back, relax, and take things one sip at a time." They're crafted on the island of St. Croix, using a blend of high-quality aged rums and a five-column distillation process to produce some of the cleanest-tasting rums available.

The company also produces the oaky, sweet **Single Barrel** rum (750ml/\$30), a smooth blend of fine vintage rums that have been aged for up to 12 years and bottled one cask at a time.

For someone with a drier palate, **Brugal 1888** (750ml/\$50), produced in the Dominican Republic, is a nice choice. After aging six to eight years in toasty American white-oak casks, it finishes up in Spanish-sherry oak casks for an additional two to four years. It's missing the sweet overtones of traditional rums, so the smooth, dry taste will appeal to most whiskey lovers.

Cheers!

You can hand your hosts an ordinary bottle of champagne in a 99-cent gift bag, or you can present them with **Veuve Clicquot's Le Fridge** (750ml/\$55). This champagne is always a tasteful gift, and the 1950s-inspired "fridge" is designed to keep the bottle chilled for up to two hours. It's also a collectible item that your hosts can reuse to house another bottle of bubbly for the New Year.



In With Gin

Home mixologists will appreciate the new **Bombay Sapphire East** (750ml/\$23). Thai lemongrass and Vietnamese black peppercorns have been added to the original London-dry recipe that already includes 12 hand-selected botanicals. But if you really want to help put a new spin on the G&T, **Bombay's** limited-edition **Gin Wheel** (\$500), designed by concept firm AvroKO, will inspire endless cocktail creativity. Handcrafted from walnut wood, it sits on a stainless-steel turntable and has enough alcoves, hidden pockets, and sliding panels to hold two cutting boards, tongs, a paring knife, jigger, a spoon, and four glasses and coasters, along with botanicals and garnishes. There's even a dedicated well in the middle for the included one-liter bottle of Bombay Sapphire East and a removable center sleeve that can be frozen in advance. (TheFuturePerfect.com)

Tanqueray Malacca gin (one liter/\$33) is based on a recipe from 1839. It was originally released in 2000, and production ceased until recently. This version is a bit softer and slightly sweeter than the London-dry expression, but it'll still make one hell of a Martini. Each shaker-style bottle is numbered, with production limited to only 100,000 bottles. If you're lucky enough to get your hands on one, you might just want to keep it for yourself.



Party Pack

There's a little something for everyone in the **Samuel Adams Winter Favorites Variety Pack** (12-pack/\$18). The holiday sampler includes two 12-ounce bottles each of Winter Lager, Cherry Chocolate Bock, Juniper IPA, White Christmas, Old Fezziwig Ale, and Boston Lager. Keep a couple on hand for last-minute invitations or drop-in guests.



After Dinner

Your boss is probably expecting the usual bottle of brandy this holiday. Switch things up with a bottle of **GM Titanium** (750ml/\$45). Unlike the original Grand Marnier, there's just a hint of orange, and even with the addition of Asian Calamansi citrus, it's still less fruity. Also, they've left out the sugar and amped up the spiciness. The metal bottle with its silk-screened label is new and original, but unless your boss is a party animal, he'll probably care less that it was designed to glow under nightclub lighting and more about the liquid pleasure it contains.



Whisk(e)y Fest

Ole Smoky Original Moonshine (750ml/\$25) is a jar of 100-proof, unaged corn whiskey made in Tennessee from a 200-year-old family recipe. Sip it (and we do mean sip) straight from the mason jar, or mix it in a cocktail in lieu of vodka. If you find yourself shopping in Tennessee before the holidays, pick up some of the specialty flavors, like Apple Pie, Peach, or Blackberry, or go for the White Lightnin'. Hard-core? Maybe, but it's legal. Just think of it as premium high-octane at a great price.

Blended Pendleton Whisky (750ml/\$28) is distilled in Canada, but according to the folks at Hood River Distillers, it's crafted with the spirit of the hard-riding American cowboy and cowgirl in mind, and is a favorite of rodeo fans. Pendleton's smooth, clean taste can be attributed to the addition of glacier-fed springwater from Mt. Hood, Oregon's highest peak. Each bottle size has its own name—Colt (50ml); Pony (375ml); Bronco (750ml); Mustang (1L); Stallion (1.75L)—and all feature the silhouette of a bucking bronco and the slogan "Let'er Buck." We agree.

Finding a good single malt for the Scotch lover on your list can be a little overwhelming, but **Highland Park 15** (750ml/\$80) is an excellent choice. This whisky from the Orkney Islands is rich in flavor yet easy on the smokiness, with a hint of sweetness from aging in sherry oak casks. Not only is this a great tasting Scotch, but it's reasonably priced, so won't empty your wallet.

If your favorite uncle has a thing for both bourbon and rye and you can't decide which one to buy, you're in luck. According to the folks at the Wild Turkey distillery in Kentucky, there was a slight mishap and a rare batch of rye (22 percent four-year-old) was mixed with some aged bourbon (78 percent six-year-old). After sampling this new and unique product, though, all was **Forgiven** (750ml/\$50), and this happy accident should appeal to lovers of both spirits.



South of the Border

Clean, with a light peppery floral taste, is the best way to describe **Partida Blanco** tequila (750ml/\$50). Partida uses stainless-steel ovens to achieve that pure flavor and eliminate the bitterness that can accumulate from the soot in stone ovens. It's the ideal selection for the Margarita lover on your list.

Another option is **Tequila Don Julio Añejo** (750ml/\$55), which starts out with 100 percent blue agave and finishes its 18-month aging process in American white-oak barrels. There's a lot more to the process, but we're more concerned with the final product, which is a tequila complex enough to stand on its own, or as the essential ingredient in a Manhattan or a Margarita.

Mezcal, tequila's not-so-distant cousin, can be made from any variety of agave, but **Los Amantes Reposado Mezcal** (one liter/\$65) is made from 100 percent Oaxaca agave hearts, which are smoked underground for three days. The smoky, earthy flavor is inviting and warm, and your lady friend will probably love it—especially since Los Amantes means “the lovers.”



Party Crashers

These are perfect last-minute stocking stuffers, but buy enough to keep some for yourself.

Single Malt Toothpicks

You won't find a more unique after-dinner gift than **Daneson's Single Malt Toothpicks** (from 4 bottles/\$36). The company uses American white birch, then infuses it with barrel-aged Islay single-malt Scotch from a 200-year-old distillery. The process promises high-quality and a lingering peaty essence once you place one in your mouth. Small-batch flavors, including lemon, mint, and salted birch, start at \$20 for four bottles. (Daneson.com)

Shot Glasses

Store these **Soapstone Shot Glasses** (set of two/\$20) in the freezer and you'll be able to have a cool shot at any time. When chilled, the glasses will lower a room-temperature beverage below 30 degrees, without diluting the taste the way ice cubes do. And if your girlfriend likes hot sake, she'll appreciate that the glasses can be microwaved for several seconds to keep it warm while she sips. (SpargHome.com)

Spill-proof Wine Caps

It took husband and wife winemaking veterans, Walt Averill and Maire Murphy, to solve the problem of storing leftover wine in the fridge without spillage. **CapaBunga** reusable wine caps (two-pack/\$8) are made of food-grade silicone, and effectively reseal a wine bottle and let you store it on its side without losing a drop. These little bungs come in a myriad of colors, with a variety of words and phrases to suit just about any personality. (CapaBunga.com)

In-bottle Icicles

Now you can finish that game of pool and your beer will be just as cold as when you took your first sip. Just freeze **Chillsner** (two-pack/\$30) for 45 minutes, then take a sip of your beer before inserting the gel-filled stainless-steel icicle into the bottle. Press the cap down firmly to ensure a tight seal, and your beer should remain cold for up to an hour. The pack includes a freezer storage case and a pair of instructional coasters. (Corkcicle.com)


Toasting Cups

If you're squeamish about passing around your favorite flask but you'd still like to share a toast with your buddies on special occasions, add the **Orvis Nested Toasting Cups** (\$79) to your wish list. You'll get four metal shot cups and a leather case to carry them. And, for a mere \$8 more, you can have up to three initials embossed on the case. (Orvis.com)

Pop Your Cherries

According to the folks at **Ole Smoky, Moonshine Cherries** (750ml/\$50) are an old Appalachian party tradition. We don't know about that, but popping one of these babies, which have been soaking in the original 100-proof moonshine, is enough to boost anyone's spirits. And the party doesn't end when the cherries are gone—keep the leftover hooch to mix into drinks and start your own holiday tradition. ☛



 [pet of the year]

undress for success



Lexi Belle got the recipe right for succeeding in the adult business, and we're delighted to help her hit yet another career high by naming her our 2014 Pet of the Year. We can't wait to see what the new year will bring with this gorgeous 26-year-old as our Queen.

Photographs by Mark Lit for Digital Desire







"As I said when I was named Pet of the Month, at this point the adult industry is all I know, and I'm okay with that. Being a Penthouse Pet has made me feel like I've reached the highest level of success. I'm thrilled to be part of the *Penthouse* family."



"Being Pet of the Year is a huge honor, and I'm beyond grateful. Now I get to work with my favorite company for the next year! It came as such a shock, and it took a few weeks for it to sink in, but now I can't get the grin off my face."







"I can't say what I'm most looking forward to about being Pet of the Year, but I'm ready for it all! I love meeting fans at appearances, and I can't wait to hear and see their reactions. I want nothing more than to share my happiness with them."





"My fans have been superexcited about me becoming a Pet. They've been amazing to me, and they're the reason why I keep trying to do bigger and better things. They're the best support group ever."





"The most remarkable sexual experience I've ever had was the first time I had anal sex. There was so much emotion and excitement that it was an almost overwhelming feeling that I quickly became addicted to."

SEE MORE OF LEXI AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





Staind singer Aaron Lewis has proved to be more than a little bit country and a little bit rock 'n' roll, with critical and commercial success in both genres.

Interview by Alanna Nash

DOUAL CRAZE



INSIDE

Aaron Lewis, the 41-year-old front-man for the heavy metal band Staind—and lately a bona fide country-music singer—calls as his bus rolls across the Nevada state line: “the first civilization you come to after you drive across the salt flats from Salt Lake City,” as he puts it. He’s on the road promoting his first full-length country CD, *The Road*, the follow-up to his surprisingly solid EP, 2011’s *Town Line*, which climbed to the No. 1 spot on the *Billboard* Top Country Albums chart and spawned a spate of award nominations.

The idea that a metal god has “gone country” might seem bizarre, except for the fact that Lewis grew up listening to folk and country when he lived with his grandfather in New England, after his parents’ divorce. And the vulnerability and emotional turmoil that infuses his country work can be found in the brooding sensitivity that informs many of his Staind lyrics and vocals, particularly such tracks as “Epiphany” and “For You,” from the *Break the Cycle* album. Despite the genre-swapping, so far industry folks and fans in both musical camps have been responding with two thumbs-up.

“I have heard Staind fans say on many occasions how hard-core anti-country they always were, until I put out a country record,” Lewis says. “Now they find themselves looking for other country artists who make music like what I’m doing. There was a Twitter post that stuck out to me, where a girl was like, ‘I can’t stop listening to this new Aaron Lewis record. Does this mean that I like country?’ In the beginning, I had to fight the battle [in Nashville] of being looked at as an outsider and invader, if you will, so to hear things like that is very gratifying. It makes me feel like I’m correct in what I chose to do, and that I’m onto something.”

Still, as Lewis explains here, there are conflicts. Being Aaron Lewis, it seems, is not exactly easy.

Let’s talk a little about who you are as a person. I don’t think people really know you, apart from onstage.

Well, I’ve always felt, especially on the Staind side of things, that I exposed so much in my songs that to really let anybody in any more than that was invasive, so I didn’t let people in for a long time. I’ve always been quite guarded with my private life and family life. And I take pride in the fact that you don’t see me gracing



“MY COUNTRY MATERIAL IS A REFRESHING OUTLET. BUT IT ALWAYS LEAVES ME WITH THE NEED AND THE LONGING TO WRITE ANOTHER STAIND RECORD.”

every red carpet. By choice, I haven’t participated. So this new chapter in my life is very interesting, because country music demands so much more. The country fan wants to know you. And that’s something that I’ve kind of never allowed in the 15 years I’ve been doing this.

Let’s start with some basics. You’re from Massachusetts.

Actually, I was born in Vermont, and lived in New Hampshire for a while, and ended up in Massachusetts.

Whereabouts?

The Springfield area, until I had done well enough to get out of there and buy a house. And then I went back to the rural setting that I’m used to and most comfortable in. I live in a town of 1,200 people, where the stone walls are 300 years old. And so are all the trees that line the roads, and there are more farm animals than there are people. That’s the way that I prefer it, and, in my mind, the way that it should be. I can’t imagine raising my kids outside my setting. I know every kid that they go to school with. I know every parent. I pretty much know everybody in town. It takes a village to raise a child, and it also takes that village coming together to create a sense of community. And

we thankfully have that. Most people these days don’t, unfortunately. We’ve completely lost social skills. People would rather text each other than pick up the phone and hear a voice.

You seem reticent to tell me the name of the town where you live.

Um, yeah. Not that I have anything to worry about, because there’s not a single person in town who will tell you where my house is. If anything, they’ll send you in the opposite direction on a wild-goose chase [laughs].

Country fans respect that, but going back several generations, people like June Carter Cash would actually invite you into their house and let you go through it. Everybody was family. You don’t see that anymore.

You’d be surprised. I’ve always done things like that. I’ve gone to barbecues. And I go out every night and sign autographs after the show. I’m guarded in my private life, but I am very approachable. After five minutes with me, people realize I’m rather boring and normal. And it probably takes a little of the mystique away. But at the same time, I really wouldn’t want it any other way.

Why did you want to venture into country music?

Country music was the first music that I ever heard. It was my grandfather's country: Waylon Jennings, Johnny Cash, Merle Haggard, George Jones, Hank Junior and Senior, David Allan Coe. All the good stuff. My father revolted from country. He was into the folksy, singer-songwriter, acoustic-guitar-based stuff. And he was into Motown. But my grandfather was pretty hip to the times, to the country that was getting played on the radio.

Did your grandfather live long enough to see you record with George Jones and Charlie Daniels?

No, but I'm sure he was either looking down or looking up with a big smile on his face, one of the two.

When you did *Town Line*, were you actually in the studio with George Jones and Charlie Daniels, or did they record their tracks separately?

Unfortunately, when I was in the studio, George was under the weather. He had some sort of bronchitis. So I wasn't there when George did his track. But I was there with Charlie, and I made a very good new friend. Me and that man see eye-to-eye on a lot of things. On most, actually.

Such as?

Such as the place that this country is in, and more on a political line of things. Me and him see pretty eye-to-eye a lot.

Well, country is essentially a conservative genre. Your songs do hit all the big traditional country themes: God, country, home, family.

That's the reason why I feel like I fit so well in this genre. Because I was almost all by myself in the rock world in my feelings. I tended to keep them to myself a little bit more in the past.

So country music gives you an avenue of expression that Staind did not, perhaps in a more meaningful way?

Well, Staind for me was always an outlet—a purging, if you will—an ability to put into song the things that weigh on me, and that I'm not necessarily good at expressing in normal, everyday conversation. Country music for me is a way to tell stories in a more factual manner, rather than in an emotional manner. My country material is a very refreshing outlet for me. But it always leaves me with the need and the longing to write another Staind record, because what I express in

Staind songs is a completely different creative vein. I mean, a heavy Staind song and one of my country songs couldn't be more opposite.

You must have to use your voice differently between the genres.

There's a song on *The Road* called "Lessons Learned." I sing the entire song down here in my talking voice, which I had never done before. I get to use a different part of my voice with country, rather than reaching and screaming everything the way I have with Staind. The beautiful thing about it is, one makes me long for the other. And one refreshes me for the other.

Given your early years, how did you end up in rock instead of country?

Well, when I moved away from Vermont, country music stayed there with my grandfather and that side of the family. And when I moved to New Hampshire, all my friends were listening to Quiet Riot, Twisted Sister, Aldo Nova, and all that early eighties stuff. Then I moved to Massachusetts, and all my friends were into the first Mötley Crüe record, the first Skid Row record, Overkill, stuff like that. That was seventh and eighth grade. Once I hit high school, I reverted back to music like [Led] Zeppelin; the Doors; Crosby, Stills & Nash; and the Beatles. When I graduated high school in 1990, Nirvana and Pearl Jam really kicked the doors down for me to have any sort of opportunity in music, because the singers were finally singing in their normal voice, and not in this trained falsetto. Then it was Pantera and Slayer, and they really put the heavier edge on things, and the next thing going I was in Staind.

When did you have the crazy idea to change genres?

You mean to work so hard to attain what I've been blessed to attain in this business and then flush it all down the toilet and start over?

I'm glad you're the one who said it that way.

Well, there's something to be said for the type of person I am, for taking everything that I've worked so hard for and throwing it away to try to do it again. That's a little extreme: I didn't really throw anything away. I just kind of put one thing aside. But I certainly started all over again from scratch, as far as the machine and the powers that be. At the same time, I can't escape who I am and what I've done.



But I had to try to do something where I couldn't rest on my laurels—that, if anything, I was going to have to work harder than I've had to work in my entire career.

So was it just time?

It was definitely time for me to explore the creative space, if you will. The last Staind record was our last contractual record. And I had been doing these acoustic shows for ten years already, but I'd kept them exclusive to the casinos. I'd been doing very, very well without even putting a record out. Then the time came to do something. And when I sat down and thought about it, I couldn't see myself as a John Mayer or a Jason Mraz, that type of pop singer-songwriter. I could write songs like that, and I could record songs like that, but it wouldn't feel right to me. So I thought about doing a male Portishead type of thing, kind of programmed and trip-hoppy. But I really didn't want to just put out an acoustic-rock record, because it would have been compared to "Outside," and "It's Been Awhile," and Staind Lite. And I wanted to stand on my own two feet. So the only thing that was true to me, and that wasn't reinventing myself in some way, was country. I said, "You know what? I'm going to try to write a country song." And I sat down, and in about 15 minutes I wrote "Country Boy." And once I started playing it live and seeing the reaction, it was like, *Hmm, maybe I'm onto something here.* And that was the beginning of the end for some, and the beginning of things to come for myself and for others.

Will you continue as part of Staind?

Oh, yeah. And our paths will cross again. But I'm definitely going to put out another country record first. I don't want to confuse anyone. It's hard enough coming from a different genre, and it's almost like, "What are you doing coming over here? You've got your own thing over there." You can't help but have that happen. The genres are guarded. You've got to earn your way in. And sometimes if you've earned your way in through a different genre, you've got to try even harder, because you're looked at as an outsider. There's been a small element of that, definitely.

How was this communicated to you?

Oh, I've heard everything. Like, "He's not country, he's from Massachusetts." Or, "He's just coming over to

the country side because he can't sell records in rock anymore." And, basically, all of it is far-fetched and quite far from the truth. I'm definitely not guilty of dipping my toes in the water to see what the temperature is. Not only have I jumped in with both feet, but I feel like I put out a true country record. I wasn't necessarily trying to put out a record that radio was going to jump all over. I wanted to put out a record that was country to me, which was the country that I heard at my grandfather's house, that mid-seventies and earlier country.

Were you daunted at all when you started this?

Well, fear can be exciting. I've always been one to fly by the seat of my pants. And crazy things happen, like making up a song onstage in front of 14,000 people in Biloxi, Mississippi. I thrive on that adrenaline rush. I always think, *I could just as easily fuck up and crash and burn right now, or I can make it through the song.*

Did your Staind bandmates think you'd lost your mind when you said you were going to sing country?

I don't know that they've ever really fully come out and said it, but I'd be hard-pressed to think that the thought hadn't crossed their minds.

What did your wife say?

Oh, she thinks I'm a bit touched. She thinks that I have a void inside me that I just can't seem to fill.

Is that true?

Probably.

Coming from what? Growing up the son of divorced parents?

Life. Just life. And the twists and turns and sour grapes it hands you at times.

A number of your songs reflect a kind of wariness with life, and with being on the road, especially. You seem to be yearning for something else.

Isn't that the mystery of life? Always searching for something else?

Talk to me more about "Lessons Learned." We've got "whiskey glass, shady past, metal bed," and I wondered about the term "metal," and if that had a double meaning.

No, you know what? A prison cell has a metal bed. It's a bunk that kind of comes down off the wall, and there's a mattress of sorts. I've sat there before, thinking about how I ended up there.

Behind bars?

I've been arrested. Caught shoplifting and stupid shit when I was a kid. It certainly wasn't for anything bad, like assault and battery or class-A substances. But I wound up where I should have wound up for being so frickin' stupid.

Numerous times, or one time?

Uh, a few times.

Have you talked about this before in the press?

Nope. And I've never really touched upon it in songs, either. I suppose when you put something in a song it makes it free game for anybody who wants to ask about it.

Talk to me about the opener, "75."

"As my bedroom rolls down this long



highway at 75." It's as straightforward as it gets. It's about being out on tour, what I've been doing pretty much nonstop for 15 years.

And being conflicted about it.

I've always been conflicted about it. It's something that's bugged me for many years. I love doing it. There's nothing like the feeling of walking out onstage. I've done pretty much every drug in the book. I've drunk pretty much everything you can drink. And nothing feels like walking out onstage. But there's a huge price to pay for it. I wrote a song about it with Staind called "Price to Play."



"I'VE NEVER TOUCHED UPON BEING ARRESTED IN SONGS. THAT MAKES IT FREE GAME FOR ANYBODY WHO WANTS TO ASK ABOUT IT."

So when you're home with your family, you're dying to get back on the road again?

When I'm home, after a while, I want to be on the road. And when I'm on the road, after a while, I want nothing more than to be home. So it's push and pull. And I feel bad. I've been married for 15 years, and I've got three little girls who are 11, 8, and 5. And they've had to share me with my career this whole time. It's not really fair to them.

We get a real sense of that in the song "Forever," about missing birthdays.

Yep. I almost didn't record that song. A different, much harsher version of that song came out in its entirety during a sound check. By the end of the song I was in tears. I had to end the sound check and go to the bus and cry it out like a little girl. After that, I wouldn't go near that song again for months. Finally, I started playing the chord progression again, singing different lines. After I had done it eight or ten times, I discovered that Ben Kitterman, my pedal-steel player and band leader, had recorded all versions, and the original version, too. And he took it

upon himself to go back and listen to all these things, and put my words together in a manner that I could sing them and not devastate myself every time. Hence, there's the song. I had already scared myself away from it, and I would have just abandoned the song if he hadn't done that. Self-doubt is a big enemy of mine. "Endless Summer" was the same way. And both those songs were hits.

That's a sweet song about your family, but then there's this other side of you, "Party in Hell."

We all have many facets.

That's probably important to have to balance out the wholesomeness.

Las Vegas inspired that song. That's the reference to "the devil will be dealing the cards as they lay." To me, Vegas is a version of hell here on Earth. There are no rules whatsoever, and you can get into whatever you want to. I truly appreciate the simpler things in life. I would rather be surrounded by fields and trees and water than concrete and neon lights. Not to mention that it's a hundred

and something degrees there in the summertime, which is quite hell-like. Lizards and snakes should live there, not human beings. Los Angeles falls into that same category for me.

Do you want to quit all this craziness?

I've certainly had moments of wanting to pull a Cat Stevens and vanish for 20 years [laughs]. The problem is that I wouldn't be able to financially survive the disappearance. In this business, you get sucked into thinking that things will go great forever, and you spend your money accordingly. Then all of a sudden, things aren't the way they were. I've got this big, beautiful house, and I've got stuff. But if I stopped working tomorrow, it wouldn't be very long before I was in bankruptcy court.

Tell me about your tattoos. That's an impressive congregation of ink.

It's an addiction, just like most things in life. You start off with one, and then the next thing you know, you're covered in sleeves. And I've got them on my hands and on my neck.

They all have meaning?

Some of them do, but with a lot of them, I just said, "I can't decide what I want, so you put what you think fits there, and you better hope I like it when you're done" [laughs]. The ones that really mean something to me are the MADE IN THE U.S.A. on top of the American flag on my left biceps, and my 13-star, original American flag on the other side with ESTABLISHED APRIL 13, 1972, SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT on my other biceps. And I have DON'T TREAD ON ME across my throat. Then I have my daughters' three names down the back of my neck to hold my head up. And there's the LESS THAN ONE PERCENT tattoo on my right hand that I got on the Uproar tour. I was having a conversation with the drummer for Godsmack, and he had this LESS THAN ONE PERCENT tattoo on his hand. I was like, "What's that all about?" And he said, "Well, less than one percent of all artists who try to do something in the music business get a record deal. And less than one percent of them actually put a record out. Less than one percent of that goes gold. Less than one percent of that goes platinum. Less than one percent of that puts out a second record." So I felt like, after selling 20-plus million records and beating those less-than-one-percent odds for 15 years, that was a tattoo that I needed to get as well. 



PENTHOUSE Puck Picks

The noneditorial hockey experts at Penthouse World HQ called the Kings' title in 2012, and the Blackhawks' Stanley Cup Finals appearance in '13. Here are their predictions for the 2013-14 season.

By John Bolster

Mike, production



STANLEY CUP FINALISTS
Boston Bruins vs. Vancouver Canucks



"Boston is deep, and experienced. The trade of Tyler Seguin brought in Loui Eriksson, who will help them down the stretch. New Canucks coach John Tortorella will bring structure to a very talented team that will return to the Finals for a rematch of the 2011 Cup."

Champion: Boston

"The Bruins have the right combination of speed and physical play to win another Cup."

HART TROPHY

MVP:

John Tavares,
New York Islanders

"Being named captain of his team will inspire Tavares to take his game to the next level, and lead the Islanders on a solid playoff run."



CALDER TROPHY

TOP ROOKIE:

Nathan MacKinnon,
Colorado Avalanche

"The No. 1 pick of the 2013 draft is a great talent who will thrive under Patrick Roy in Colorado."

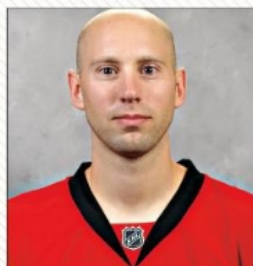


VEZINA TROPHY

TOP GOALTENDER:

Craig Anderson,
Ottawa Senators

"Look for the Senators to have a very good season—and for Anderson to be the main reason why."



BURNING QUESTION:

What two changes—of any kind—would you make, right now, to improve the NHL?

"I would shorten the season to 68 games, and hand out the Cup in May, not late June. I would also change the points system to be more like the one they use in soccer: three points for a win in regulation, two points for a win in overtime, one point for a tie. Scrap the shoot-out."

Anthony, accounting



STANLEY CUP FINALISTS
San Jose Sharks vs. Detroit Red Wings



"Chicago may still have the best team, but it is so hard to repeat. The Sharks and Wings are always right there. This year they get to the top."

Champion: San Jose

"The Sharks are very well-rounded and deep, with good veteran leadership."

HART TROPHY

MVP:

John Tavares,
New York Islanders

"He keeps getting better every year, and this season he'll have more support than ever."

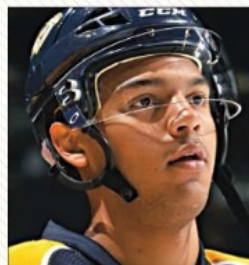


CALDER TROPHY

TOP ROOKIE:

Seth Jones,
Nashville Predators

"It's tough for a defenseman to win this award, but this talented kid—the son of former NBA player Popeye Jones—will fit into the Predators' system seamlessly and shine."

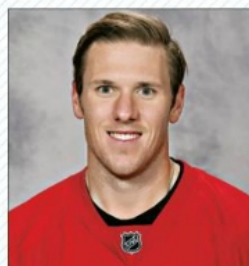


VEZINA TROPHY

TOP GOALTENDER:

Jimmy Howard,
Detroit Red Wings

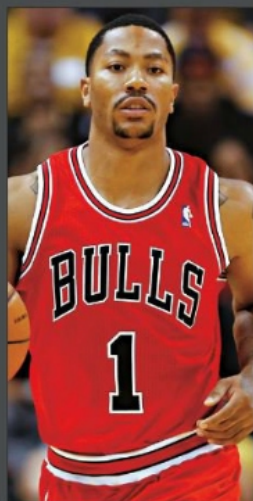
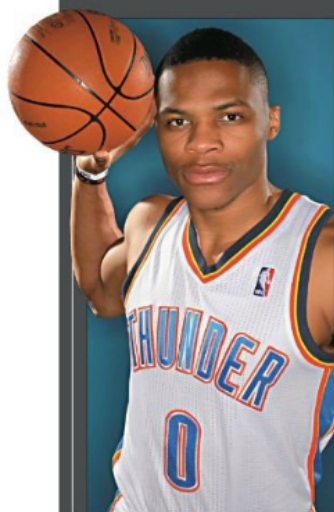
"He'll be what separates Detroit from Pittsburgh this year."



BURNING QUESTION:

What two changes—of any kind—would you make, right now, to improve the NHL?

"I'd enlarge the rinks to the dimensions they use in the Olympics. The bigger surface would allow the skill-players to excel. I like the rougher side of the game, and don't mind a fight every now and then, but stricter penalties for instigating a fight and for repeat offenders would improve the game."



Starting Five

The top storylines heading into the 2013-14 NBA season

Not OK in OKC:

The Oklahoma City Thunder reached the NBA Finals in 2012, but last year, after star point guard Russell Westbrook went down with a knee injury, Kevin Durant and Company were handily dispatched by Memphis in the second round of the playoffs. Westbrook underwent a second off-season knee surgery on October 1, and the club announced that he would miss the first four to six weeks of the 2013-14 season. Without their second-leading scorer, and with last year's third-leading scorer, Kevin Martin, having left as a free agent, the Thunder will face an uphill battle at the start of the season.

New-Look Nets:

In 2012, the artists formerly known as the New Jersey Nets got a new home (Brooklyn), and a new arena (the sparkling Barclays Center). This year, they got a new core group of players after they traded Kris Humphries and four reserves to Boston in exchange for Paul Pierce, Kevin Garnett, and Jason Terry. Well, when we say "new," we mean new to the Nets: At 35, 37, and 36, respectively, Pierce, Garnett, and Terry are decidedly old. Will they hold up?

Howard to Houston:

Bothered by back and shoulder injuries during the past two seasons, former Orlando center Dwight Howard has seen his stock fall among the league's elite big men. The seven-time All-Star made a ballyhooed move to the Los Angeles Lakers last year that, um, didn't work out as well as hoped, to put it mildly. Now with Houston, Howard will be looking to get his mind and body right, so he can make noise in the West with the Rockets' All-Star shooting guard, James Harden.

D-Rose Returns:

The Chicago Bulls won 45 games, nabbed a fifth seed, and reached the second round of the playoffs in 2012-13—all without their best player, Derrick Rose, who sat out the season following major knee surgery. Rose is fully recovered now and ready to rejoin the NBA's upper echelon. How many extra wins will he bring to Chicago? Look for the Bulls to be playing in late May, and don't rule out early June.

Threepeat for the Heat?

One-third of the Heat's Big Three is ready to roll. That would be LeBron James, of course, the best player in the league. As for the other two, forward Chris Bosh and point guard Dwyane Wade, the head of the former and the health of the latter will go a long way toward determining if the Heat can become the fourth team in league history to win three straight championships. Despite how it may look sometimes, James can't actually do it all on his own.



Sixth Man: Cleveland Rebirth?

Four years after King James's departure, the Cleveland Cavaliers may finally be competitive again. Much depends on new center Andrew Bynum's balky knees, but if he holds up, he'll boost a frontcourt that also features No. 1 draft pick Anthony Bennett, veteran Anderson Varejao, seven-footer Tyler Zeller, and up-and-coming Tristan Thompson. Add 2012 Rookie of the Year Kyrie Irving, and new coach Mike Brown has a lot to work with.

AT THEIR SERVICE

Dozens of organizations help military vets reintegrate into civilian life, learn new skills, and have a little more fun. These groups go above and beyond, and are among our most highly recommended.

By Jennifer Peters

GI Film Festival

GIFilmFestival.com

This annual event—which is held each May in Washington, D.C.—celebrates veterans with several days of armed-forces-themed films. The festival features work by veteran filmmakers as well as filmmaking veterans, and each year dozens of movies—everything from shorts to full-length features, comedies to documentaries—give insight into the multitude of military experiences. The festival typically includes several gala events to honor GIs, as well as special screenings for vets and their families, plus a filmmaking boot camp for aspiring auteurs.



Actor James McEachin at the GI Film Festival

Project Sanctuary

ProjectSanctuary.us

Understanding that the entire family experiences the stress of service, PS helps returning vets reconnect with their spouses and children. Primarily held in the Colorado Rockies, each weeklong retreat—paid for by sponsors—offers activities for the entire family, as well as classes on marriage, money, and family issues. The retreats are designed to encourage family togetherness and fun, in the hope that bonds will be strengthened and vets will find it easier to reintegrate into life at home. More than a dozen 2014 retreats are planned; dates and applications are available online.

The Rucksack

Rucksack.IAVA.org

This is part of the member programming for Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America, and provides vets with rewards throughout the year, including event tickets, exclusive giveaways, one-of-a-kind opportunities, and more. Corporate sponsors provide tickets to baseball games and concerts, for instance, or a chance to have your face on a NASCAR vehicle, happy-hour events, and career coaching. Rewards can be claimed only by IAVA members, some are distributed via a lottery system, and there are frequent updates to the grab bag of available options.

Songwriting With: Soldiers

SongwritingWithSoldiers.org

One of a growing number of organizations geared at helping veterans through the arts, SWS encourages participants to express themselves musically. Veterans are invited to attend retreats during which they work with professional songwriters to craft songs about their experiences, whether they occurred in combat or upon returning home. The songs are recorded by a team of musicians, and all participants receive CDs of their work. SWS works primarily with local VA hospitals and military bases to find participants, but visit the website for up-to-date information.

Tunnel to Towers

T2TRun.org

T2T, founded post-9/11 in honor of New York City firefighter Stephen Siller, raises money to support children who've lost parents in service to their country, as well as firefighters and members of the military injured in the line of duty. The group hosts a series of 5K runs each year to raise funds. While the premier event is, of course, in New York (and follows the Brooklyn-to-Manhattan route Siller took to the Twin Towers), there are runs held in a number of cities across the country each September.

Veterans in Film & Television

VETLA.org

This Los Angeles-based organization, founded by Marine Corps vet, author, and actor Mike Dowling, provides networking opportunities for current and former service members who work, or aspire to work, in the film and television industry. At monthly networking events, such high-profile guests as comic-book legend Stan Lee, NBC Universal President Ron Meyer, and others speak to members. VFT also helps connect veterans to job opportunities within the industry.

Wounded Warrior Project

WoundedWarriorProject.org

WWP hosts numerous events each year for wounded soldiers. The Soldier Ride, a four-day cycling event, allows injured vets to participate with the use of various adaptive bicycles and equipment. Project Odyssey, a five-day retreat, helps vets overcome their residual combat stress, either with fellow warriors or as part of a couples' retreat with their spouses. The organization started a series of 8K runs in 2013 to raise funds—and awareness—to support its mission.

Warriors & Quiet Waters

WarriorsAndQuietWaters.org

Little is more relaxing than fly-fishing along a deep stream, miles from distractions. The WQW outfits participants with all they need to enjoy the experience. From May through October, it takes small groups of wounded vets on weeklong excursions in the Montana wilderness, teaches them to tie flies, and allows them to enjoy the serenity the experience provides. Most participants are chosen through references from medical professionals and military hospitals, but you can also apply online for a spot.



The Motor Rally at the 2013 National Veterans Wheelchair Games

National Veterans Wheelchair Games

WheelchairGames.va.gov

Both a competition and a rehabilitation program, the annual NVWG invites injured vets to participate in such sports as archery, basketball, hand cycling, quad rugby, softball, and swimming. Athletes of all skill levels—from professional-quality players to those who have never participated in a wheelchair sport before—take part, with the games attracting upward of 500 competitors each year and hundreds more spectators. The 2014 Wheelchair Games will take place in Philadelphia from August 12 to 17.



Honor Flight vets "stormed" the World War II memorial on October 1, during the government shutdown.

Honor Flight Network

HonorFlight.org

Catering to the older veteran population, HFN helps World War II veterans travel to Washington, D.C., to see the memorials dedicated to their service. The group started in 2005, and by the end of 2012, it had brought more than 98,500 veterans to D.C.—including during the government shutdown this past fall. The organization currently focuses on WWII vets, but plans to extend its network to include veterans of the Vietnam and Korean wars. Dates for trips, as well as locations of regional travel hubs, are available on the Honor Flight website.



Chad Jukes at Paradox's annual ice-climbing event in Ouray, Colorado

Paradox Sports

ParadoxSports.com

Founded by injured Army Captain D. J. Skelton (who made our 2011 badass list) and pro climber Tim O'Neill, PS hosts a number of ice-climbing, rock-climbing, paddle-boarding, and camping excursions each year for members of the disabled community—both veterans and civilians—along with several vet-specific rock-climbing events. Paradox aims to inspire and empower participants using adaptive equipment that helps them accomplish these physical feats.

SOWING HIS OATS

Matthew Inman turned a few random doodles on a website into an empire with up to seven million monthly readers. The man behind TheOatmeal.com tells us how he pulled it off.

By Kara Wahlgren



You've said you're not a pen-and-paper artist. How did you get into drawing comics?

I thought if I could draw funny comics, people would come to my dating website, and it would be a success. Those comics became more popular than my site, so that spurred me to do just comics for a living.

What made you take the risk?

When I made the switch, I'd say, "I'm not going to build websites anymore, I'm going to make comics!" Everyone would look at me like, "Oh, boy, he's going to be asking me for money soon." My mom was getting my old room ready. But I had some confidence because my comics had been viewed by tons of people—like, I did one called *How to Tell If Your Cat Is Plotting to Kill You*. It ended up being viewed by six million people over the course of a summer.

What's your favorite part of your job?

There are some comics I write that feel like a chore—it's deliberate, and it takes weeks. But then there are

if Matthew Inman had had a five-year plan, it might have looked something like this: Build website from the ground up in 66 hours. Quit lucrative programming job to become an internet cartoonist. Write two *New York Times* best-sellers. Get wrapped up in the funniest legal dispute in recent memory. Raise \$220,000 for charity. Buy a museum. Take over the world.

Okay, maybe not. We doubt the 30-year-old artist could have predicted his current career path when he was toiling away at a consulting gig a few years ago. But then he created the dating site Mingle2 and posted comics about bad kissers and dinosaur dating advice in an effort to gain some viral traction. The plan worked, and Inman realized he liked drawing cartoons more than he liked working for other people. In 2009, he launched TheOatmeal.com.

Inman draws only when inspiration strikes—on any given day, he might post an infographic on angler fish, a takedown of modern religions, a song about a lecherous dinosaur, or a passionate ode to sriracha sauce. There's no niche. No schedule. No weekly Reddit chat with his fans. No humoring his haters on Facebook. And yet Inman commands the kind of numbers most bloggers only dream about—40 million page views a month. We caught up with Inman to see how he conquered the internet, one thong-wearing pterodactyl at a time.

comics where inspiration strikes, and I stay up until three in the morning and get it done, and I put it out the next day, and it's well-received. That's the best part of the job, when I get those quickly inspired, didn't-think-about-it-too-much comics.

Do you get a lot of terrible suggestions from fans?

I've written a couple of comics where I find something that irritates me, and I kind of embellish on that. So anyone who's ever been irritated by anything in the whole world will email me, like, "Yo, you should make a comic about when you're using your hair dryer and you turn too quickly and you unplug it—that's so annoying!" And it's like, No, that's a stupid fucking idea. But I've had some good suggestions. I had one guy a couple of years ago suggest that I write about this parasitic flatworm that lives in cows, and he described its life cycle—how it goes from cow to cow poop, and it's eaten by snails, and it controls the brains of the snails and makes them go up onto a blade of grass where they're

eaten by a cow again. It's this mind-controlling, zombie parasite flatworm.

You've also written about religion, Apple, and killer cats—is anything off-limits for you?

I stayed away from politics during the last election, because I looked at Facebook every day and I remember being so tired of reading about it. But other than that, I'm pretty much wide-open. I used to not write about religion, because I didn't want to polarize my readers. But at some point last summer, I decided I just didn't give a shit anymore. I'd just write comics that proudly profess my atheism. And I lost readers from it, but I don't care—they were funny comics.

I noticed you have comments disabled on your website.

I used to think it was an integral part of being a writer or artist—that you have to read comments, and you have to react to them, and you have to mold your work around them. But that doesn't make me a better artist—if anything, it just makes me doubt

My comics are becoming more and more of a rhetorical performance. I just want to draw things that I hope are funny.

myself. So I just don't read any of it, because I can't help focusing on that one negative one where some guy writes something awful. I've found that my comics are becoming more and more of a rhetorical performance. I just want to draw things that I hope are funny and put them on the web, and that'll be the extent of the communication, to preserve my own sanity more than anything.

If the internet didn't exist, what do you think you'd be doing?

I've actually thought about that. I'm pretty good at arguing, so maybe I would've been a lawyer. I'm not inspired by lawyers—I just know how well I argue with my family members.

You're not bad at arguing lawsuits. Last year, FunnyJunk.com sued you for defamation after you accused the site of copyright infringement. What was your initial reaction?

It's funny, because the first thing that came out of me wasn't the human being—it was the comedian. I read their letter and was like, "This is fucking gold. This is comedy gold." I remember thinking, *I don't have to write any comics this week—I have something much funnier to write about*. It was almost kind of exciting because every day was this ridiculous drama. I would basically wake up and be like, "Okay, let's eat some popcorn and watch the computer and see what happens!"

You launched the BearLove campaign in response, vowing to crowdsource the \$20,000 they demanded, donate it all to charity instead, and send the lawyer a cartoon depiction of his mom fucking a bear. I'm guessing you didn't expect to raise nearly a quarter-million dollars in the process.

When I first published that, I sat there and waited and watched the page. I kept hitting refresh, and nobody was donating. And I remember my stomach just dropping, like, *Oh, God, this is so embarrassing*. What I didn't realize was, it takes a good ten minutes to read that article and the letter from FunnyJunk. So people were actually reading it, and that whole ten minutes I was just dying because I thought nobody was going to donate. When we hit our \$20,000 goal in an hour or two, it was just amazing to see people rally. [The campaign ultimately raised more than \$220,000, which was donated to the American Cancer Society and the National Wildlife Federation. The suit was eventually dropped.]

You also raised \$1.7 million to buy Nikola Tesla's old laboratory on Long Island. What's the status of that project?

The money we raised was enough to buy it, but not enough to renovate it and build a museum. So next on the list will be to get someone to come in and help us out. You've got these dilapidated buildings all over the place, covered in graffiti and asbestos and all sorts of terribleness. I wanted to have a festival on the grounds on July 10 [Tesla's birthday], but after visiting the grounds and realizing how much work there is to be done, it might have to wait until next year.

Why Tesla?

It's easy to be impressed by his

achievements in science and engineering, but I'm not a scientist or engineer, so ultimately that stuff doesn't inspire me. What inspired me about him was that he was this tinkering hacker geek who worked for the greater good, with no financial return—a bit like Steve Wozniak, in a way, rather than Steve Jobs. I ended up writing a comic about him, and it was the most popular thing I'd ever done. It got, like, 400,000 Facebook "Likes" in a single week. And now the Tesla museum is kind of what I do.

What's been the most surreal moment of your career so far?

I was at the grocery store six months ago, shopping for asparagus, and some guy recognized me. It doesn't happen very often because I don't publicize my appearance on the website; I draw myself as this sort of Oatmeal-looking character.


You created a Facebook fan page dedicated to sriracha sauce—what's your favorite sriracha recipe?

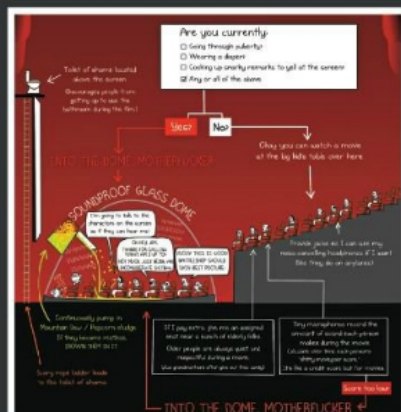
Anything with mayonnaise and sriracha. If you steam vegetables and then mix mayonnaise and sriracha, it's delicious.

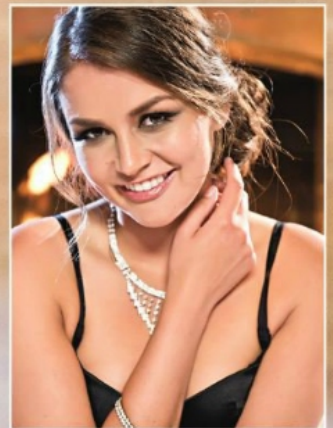
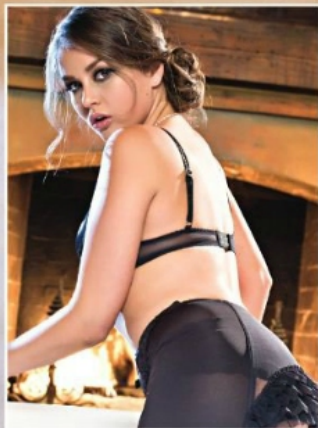
Who makes you laugh?

Louis C.K., Eddie Izzard, *The Far Side*.... And lately, actor-wise, I really like Jonah Hill.

Do you work better in the morning or at night?

I'm better at busywork in the morning—things like email, or drawing something complicated. And then at night is when I get creative and write and make jokes. 







a glorious haze

Our January Pet of the Month, adult star Allie Haze, is a former cheerleader who at one time was studying to become a firefighter. Which makes her hot as hell on three completely different levels.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi



“The most exciting place I’ve ever made love is on a public golf course in the middle of the night. He laid me right next to the ninth hole.”









"The movie *Wild Things* has the hottest sex scene, and it's the first movie that helped me develop my love of women. That make-out scene with Neve Campbell and Denise Richards is out of this world!"





"I'm a river rat. I love to be on a boat, basking in the sun in 110-degree heat. The best thing is being pulled in an inner tube, hauling butt and trying to avoid falling off!"





ALLIE HAZE
JANUARY 2014 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"I consider myself to be pretty adventurous. I tend to be the person who's daring everyone else to do something with me."

OF THE ALI ISHAZE
JANUARY 2014 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP





ALLIE HAZE
JANUARY 2014 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

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[stand-up guys]

KILL RADIUS

With stand-up gigs, a live variety show, a podcast, and an upcoming web series on Comedy Central, Kurt Braunohler is blasting the funny all over the place.

By John Bolster

Last summer, Kurt Braunohler devised what was possibly the world's first—and definitely its most concise—skywriting joke.

After raising money on Kickstarter, he hired a plane to spell out the following words in the sky above Los Angeles: HOW DO I LAND? That goofily inspired punch line (and viral hit on Reddit) became the title of his 2013 stand-up album, and it would also make a great visual gag for, say, the opening credits of a comedy show—something that Braunohler, after more than a decade in the business, is getting closer and closer to making happen for himself. The rangy, New Jersey-bred 37-year-old got his start in the early 2000s doing street-theater comedy before launching *Hot Tub*, a freewheeling variety show, with Kristen Schaal in 2005. In recent years, while honing his stand-up act, Braunohler has appeared on *Delocated*, *The Heart She Holler*, and *This American Life*, on which he told the story of taking a *rumspringa* from his relationship of 13 years. He just completed a national tour with the award-winning radio program *Radiolab*, and he currently hosts a weekly podcast, *The K Ohle With Kurt Braunohler*, on the Nerdist network.

Braunohler spoke to *Penthouse* recently about the new golden age of comedy, how to launch an open relationship, and his mother's breast-feeding policy.

In your act, you talk about breast-feeding until the age of five. Do you have siblings, and if so, did they, too, breast-feed until such a late age?

[Laughs] Well, I have a complicated answer to that, because I have eight brothers and sisters, but only I came from my mom. So I kind of was an only child—but with eight brothers and sisters. So, yeah, I was the only one.

Then you started smoking at age ten—just five years later.

Yeah.

Did that cancel the health benefits of the extended breast-feeding?

I don't know. I still grew to be six four.

On *This American Life*, you told the story of taking a relationship *rumspringa* from your girlfriend of 13 years, which unexpectedly broke up the two of you. How did that change your perspective on relationships?

“Well, the way *not* to [start a conversation about getting into an open relationship] is just to sleep with somebody else and then say, ‘Hey, maybe you should do that, too.’”

Before [the break] I had never really dated, so it gave me a whole bunch of new insights into the dating world and how women operate really differently from the way men operate—and how attachments occur very quickly when you don't intend them to [laughs].

Do you still maintain that every marriage should end after seven years, and then the couple can either choose to get remarried or not?

Yeah, I still like that idea. I still think it's smart. Because if both of you want to continue, then it shouldn't be a problem. And if you don't, well, then there's a way—it's a painless out. I think as you continue on, *routine* gets in the way of discussing issues. But if you *have* to discuss them every seven years, I think that's a good thing.

Is it safe to say that we're in a stand-up boom, comparable to the one in the 1980s, when guys like Jerry Seinfeld were coming up?

I think so, but I think it's widened now. It's not just stand-up; it's sketch and improv, too. Look at *Kroll Show*—Nick Kroll does stand-up, but he came from doing sketch, and that's what his show is. Right now there are three sketch shows on Comedy Central that are doing really well. We haven't had three sketch shows on at the same time in a really long time. So I think there's a boom for comedy in general. It's a great time to be a comedian, because people are much more interested in it, and more accepting of a wider variety of comedy.

With Twitter and all the podcasts that exist now, there are more opportunities, but it also seems more demanding to be a comic. You really have to raise your game.

Oh, yeah. It used to be that your only responsibility was to go out every night and do live sets and get better at being a stand-up. Now, your job is all day long, every single day. You always have to be producing. And it's good; I think it makes you a better comedian, but yeah, the competition is stiff.



How do you keep the energy fresh?

I think the trick is to find a way of doing it that excites you. You have to make it fun for yourself. Like, yesterday I was doing an episode of my podcast called “Get Lost,” and I went out with Jad [Abumrad], from *Radiolab*, and we went and explored this abandoned theater. And it was fucking amazing, and I was like, *This is my work. This is my job*. You can't see the “requirements” of comedy as requirements, you have to see them as opportunities to do the things that you want to do.

I understand you have some tips for starting the conversation about an open relationship. Can you share some of those with our readers?

Oh, man. Well, the way *not* to do it is just to sleep with somebody else and then say, “Hey, maybe you should do that, too.”

The after-the-fact method—you don't recommend that?

Yeah, no, that's a bad method. There are a few people I know who are in open relationships, and they *might* be totally crazy [laughs]. Because I don't know who can manage it. I think the majority of people have a jealousy instinct that's pretty hard to tamp down. But I think the main thing is to be straight-up about it. And also: Get to it in stages.

Ramp up to it.

Yes. Leave little hints, here and there, when you're drunk. Give yourself a three-month plan of slowly bringing it up. Then just open it up into a conversation later. ☺

DON'T GET LOST IN SPACE

It sounds far-fetched, but with multiple private companies in the late stages of testing commercial spacecraft, experts say space tourism is about to become a very real possibility for a lot of people. "The best analogy is to the beginning of the aviation industry," says Alan Stern, CEO of Golden Spike, a company that's planning private scientific missions to the Moon. "Right now, we're about a decade removed from the Wright brothers and Kitty Hawk. It's pretty new and exciting."

Of course, space tourism isn't totally new. A little more than a decade ago, American businessman Dennis Tito became the world's first space tourist when he paid \$20 million to spend seven days on the *International Space Station*. But since the Soviet Union launched the first manned space flight way back in 1961, slightly more than 500 people have been in space, and fewer than ten have been paying tourists.

"We really are on the verge of seeing the total number of people in space increase exponentially in the next few years, and a lot of that will be from space tourism," says Sean Casey, cofounder of the Silicon Valley Space Center, an organization that helps space-related start-ups with funding and business expertise. "There are several companies that could be able to launch space tourists into low Earth orbit as early as 2014."

One of those companies is Sir Richard Branson's Virgin Galactic. Yes, that's the same eccentric billionaire who brought sexy back to airline travel, and who peddled music when everyone still used CDs. So far, Branson has sold more than 500 tickets to ride on *SpaceShip Two*,

and if he gets his way, vacations may never be the same. But before you slip into one of those *Star Trek* unitards and boldly holiday where no man has holidayed before, we've got a reality check for you.

YOUR ITINERARY

What kind of space bucks are we talking about?

Space isn't cheap. Tickets on Virgin Galactic's suborbital flights will set you back \$250,000 apiece, although you can secure a spot with a ten percent refundable deposit. Or you could opt for XCOR's *Lynx* flight, which will put a \$95,000 dent in your bank account. If those prices sound out of this world, consider the \$52 million that Space Adventures is charging the next tourist to go to the *International Space Station* sometime in 2017.

Previous Space Adventures flights ran between \$20 million and \$40 million, but according to company president Tom Shelley, the price has gone up since NASA discontinued the space shuttle. Shelley says, "Right now, the only available seats on ISS-bound missions are through the Russian space agency, which has a mandate to send up government astronauts first." As more capacity comes online, Shelley expects the ticket prices to drop. But he says for space travel to get really cheap, we need more reusable spacecraft. "For the most part, we've been using spacecraft that are only good for a single flight," he says. "That's kind of like flying from New York to Los Angeles and then throwing out the plane. That's a really expensive way to do it, so reusable spacecraft are

what will bring the price down in the future."

There's no telling how low prices could go once demand increases and reusable spacecraft become the norm, but according to Golden Spike's Stern, space travel should be within reach of the masses sooner rather than later. "Right now, the cost [of suborbital] is about the same as a small mortgage," Stern says. "But we really are at the beginning, so it's certainly possible that we can see prices come down to around the cost of a new car within a decade. That's still a lot of money, but if you really want it, most people should be able to save up for the trip of a lifetime."

Where can you go?

While long-distance space trips are possible, the bulk of the action surrounding space tourism is focused on suborbital flights. That means the first wave of space tourists will get the same view that Alan Shepard had in his 1961 Mercury mission. "It's an amazing ride," says Stern, whose Golden Spike company has already reserved several tickets on Virgin Galactic. "You're going about 350,000 feet up, which is ten times higher than most of us have gone on a commercial jet plane."

As amazing as the ride will be, you'd better not blink. Your time in space will only last about five minutes. In other words, you have just enough time to snap a few pictures of the curvature of the Earth and do a few weightless somersaults before it's over. On the upside, you'll probably be able to squeeze a drink out of your friends every time you tell the story about how you went into space.



Virgin Galactic's
Richard Branson



Japan's H-IIIB rocket



A model of the
Mars One colony

Forget the beach read and swim trunks. Your vacation to the dark side of the Moon—or to Mars—would include a mission-briefing book and a space suit.

By Michael Estrin

What about the space station?

Call it a working holiday. Space Adventures has been running trips to the *International Space Station* for more than a decade, but tourists shouldn't confuse it with a hotel. In fact, it's more like a floating laboratory with a guest room. "Time in space is a very precious resource, so most of our tourists donate a portion of their time to helping with scientific research in a field that interests them," says Shelley, who likens the experience to Earth-bound vacations with a volunteerism component.

Space tourists typically spend about ten days aboard the space station, which orbits 200 miles above the Earth and moves at a speed of 17,000 miles per hour. But reaching the space station isn't as easy as hopping onboard the Russian Soyuz spacecraft and counting down to blastoff. "The real challenge for our clients is setting aside three months to live in Russia so they can train for their trip," says Shelley. "They're learning the minimum to be an astronaut—how the equipment works, how to use the communications gear, and how to handle themselves in zero gravity."

Want to check out the dark side of the moon?

File this one under "the ultimate excursion." In the near future, Space Adventures plans to offer an add-on to its space-station trip that will take two lucky tourists (and one Russian cosmonaut/tour guide) around the Moon and back. "It'll add another six or seven days to your trip," says Shelley. "Three days to get to the

Moon and about three and a half to get back to Earth. But the nice part is that more than 90 percent of your space-station training is applicable to the lunar trip, so you won't tack on too much time to your three months of coursework."

This may be the most hands-on space-tourism experience the company will offer. "The cosmonaut will fly the lunar module," Shelley explains, "but the two passengers will have to help him by pushing buttons on command and reading instruments." The trip itself uses existing Russian technology that's similar to the gear NASA used for the Apollo missions, but the lunar module won't be as cramped as the tin can Neil Armstrong, Buzz Aldrin, and Michael Collins took to the Moon. After some modifications, the Space Adventures lunar module should be about the size of a small camper van, according to Shelley. Also unlike the *Apollo 11* mission, Space Adventures won't be landing on the Moon's surface.

One client has already signed on for the \$150 million trip, which the company plans to launch in 2017. We just hope that price tag includes an iPod loaded with Pink Floyd's *Dark Side of the Moon*. That's the least they can do.

What about going to Mars?

Right now, Mars One is the only company planning to make the 140-million-mile trip to Mars. The voyage, which it hopes to launch in 2022, will take about a year. If that sounds like a long flight, consider this: It's a one-way ticket. The four people selected for the mission

won't be space tourists; technically, they'll be Martian settlers. On the upside, the trip is free, thanks to Mars One, which plans to foot the estimated \$6 billion bill by producing a reality show that chronicles the selection, training, and mission of the first humans to settle on Mars.

The idea of participating in a lifelong Martian reality show may seem a little zany, but the company, which began the selection process in 2013, has already attracted more than 78,000 applicants. "It seems like a wacky reality concept," says Andy Martinez, a Los Angeles-based science-fiction writer and Mars enthusiast who is vying to be among the four humans selected to settle the red planet. "But if there's any shot at all [of this working], sign me up!"

While Martinez has his doubts about the feasibility of the project, he says he thinks he'd be a good candidate because he's easy to get along with. That could be critical, because if all goes according to plan, it'll be two years before the second spacecraft arrives with another four settlers. As for selection criteria, the Mars One website lists five key characteristics of a successful astronaut: resiliency, adaptability,

Since 1961, slightly more than 500 people have been in space, and fewer than ten have been tourists. But experts say space tourism is about to become a very real possibility for a lot of people.

curiosity, ability to trust, and creativity/resourcefulness. The applicants need to be older than 18, physically fit, and in good health. They also need to be willing to kiss Earth good-bye. Or, as it says in the FAQ section of the Mars One website, "Everyone's life comes to an end eventually. Because our astronauts are likely to spend the rest of their lives on Mars, it follows that they will probably pass away there as well. When that day comes, there will be a memorial service and cremation ceremony, just like customs on Earth dictate."

Do you need to have the right stuff?

The early astronauts were among mankind's best specimens, selected for their mental toughness, brains, and physical fitness, among other attributes. But there's a big difference between being among the first humans to explore space and being a space tourist. Space Adventures' Tom Shelley tells us, "There's an extensive questionnaire, and you might need to get a physical depending on your answers, but most people should be able to make the trip."

And while we think of space flight as an assault on the senses, it's really not all that bad, says Golden Spike's Alan Stern, himself a former fighter pilot. "The g-forces are comparable to what you might find on a roller coaster, but instead of the twists and turns, it's really more of a constant pressure pushing down on you." Most experts suggest taking a parabolic flight first, so you can experience zero gravity before blasting off. "It would be a real waste to be sick to your stomach the whole time you're in space," Stern says.

THE AMENITIES

What about creature comforts?

It'll probably be a long time before we see anything approaching a space spa. No matter what kind of itinerary they have in mind, space tourists should expect only the basics. Instead of showers, it's all about dry shampoo and wet towels. Enough to get the job done, but a real sacrifice for those who prefer baths or long showers.

There are toilets in space, but you need special training to use them, and, as one astronaut put it, "you have to have pretty good aim."

Meanwhile, the beds are really just glorified sleeping bags that are strapped to the wall. But according

to Shelley, some people say that weightless slumber is some of the best sleep you'll ever have.

How's the food?

Here's the good news: Space food has come a long way since the days of Tang, dinner in a tube, and that dehydrated ice cream. "The food is actually quite good, and some of the dishes have been created by award-winning chefs," says Shelley.

But space food has its limits. For one thing, all food needs to be individually packaged and stowed for easy handling in space, so no matter how gourmet it gets, you're still eating out of a bag. And if you're a picky eater, you could be in real trouble on the space station, where meals are created to cater to a range of preferences to accommodate an international crew.

Can you raise a glass?

If you think drinking in space means sippy cups and straws, think again. Last year, astronaut Don Pettit demonstrated a space cup that allows drinkers to sip their beverage like they would from a glass on Earth. The cylindrical vessel looks like a normal cup when viewed from the side, but if you look at it from the top, you can see that the walls "pinch" the liquid up to the edge of the cup. The beverage molecules hold in place and stick together through a process known as cohesion.

As for what's in the cup, chances are it's nonalcoholic. But don't fret: A team of Australian researchers has been testing a "high-flavor, low-carbonation stout designed for easy drinking both in microgravity and on Earth." Early tests have gone off without a hitch; however, the Aussies have only been able to perform their "research" during Earth-bound parabolic flights. Clearly, the Budweiser people need to get on this ASAP.

Can you suit up for sex?

Admit it, you've been wondering if you'll be able to join the Many-Miles-High Club. Well, finding a partner is up to you, but given the relatively small number of space tourists to date, it's probably a good idea to make plans here on Earth. It's also a good idea to keep an open mind, because there's a strong possibility that you're going to have to put


clothing on, rather than take it all off, to get busy in space.

The problem, according to inventor Vanna Bonta, is one of simple physics and zero gravity. After all, every action has an equal and opposite reaction, which led Bonta to wonder how two people could make love without—literally—repelling each other. Enter the 2Suit, which Bonta invented after experiencing zero gravity during a parabolic flight. It's actually two suits (hence the name). Two people can attach their suits and convert them into a single garment that encloses them in the same space. Once joined, the couple can adjust the straps to bring their bodies closer together.

"The 2Suit is a means of connecting without being anchored," says Bonta. "Two people can enjoy the autonomy of floating in zero G and focus on relating to each other and the experience, because the garment eliminates having to struggle to stay in proximity of each other."

Sure, you could strap yourself and your partner to a wall, but Bonta points out that doing so would undermine the thrill of sex in zero gravity.

Of course, we don't really know if sex in space is anything to write home about, because there haven't been any documented intergalactic interludes to date. But Bonta's 2Suit does seem promising. A few years back, Bonta and her partner tested the 2Suit for the History Channel on a parabolic flight. "We achieved a sustained kiss in moments of shared zero G without having to work at staying together," she says.

Obviously, further research is needed, but we're pretty sure it'll be easy to find test subjects. As for the 2Suit, rest assured that its cotton fabric makes it comfortable, free from static cling (a nightmare in space), and unlikely to catch fire. It's also washable, but Bonta points out that there's really no good way to do laundry in space just yet. "Staying clean in space is an area open for innovation and invention." 

We don't know if sex in zero gravity is anything to write home about, because there haven't been any documented intergalactic interludes to date. But it's only a matter of time before there's a Many-Miles-High Club.



The International Space Station



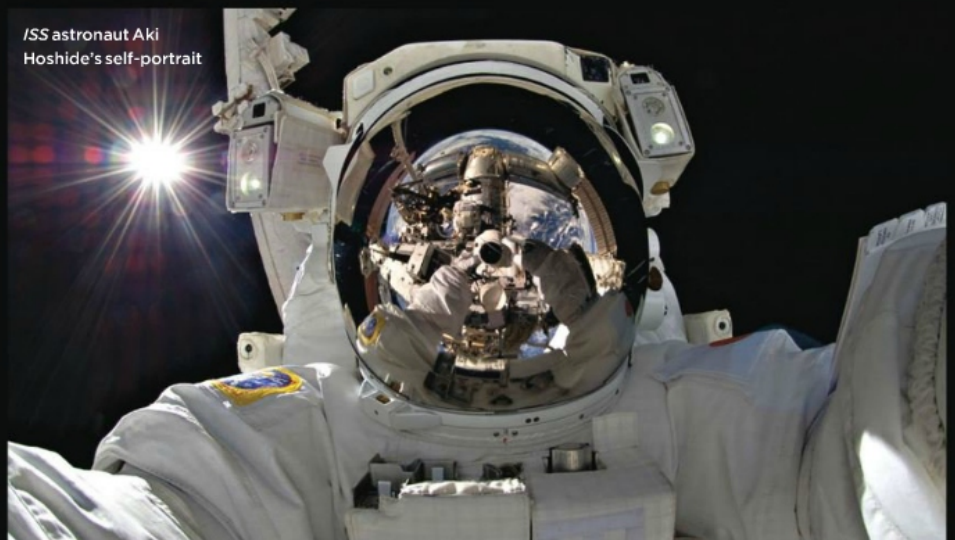
A space-safe mango-peach smoothie



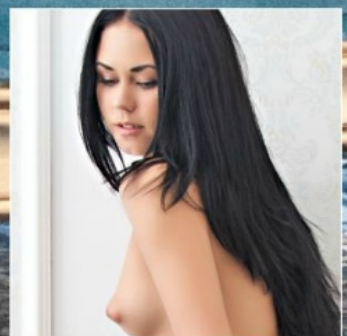
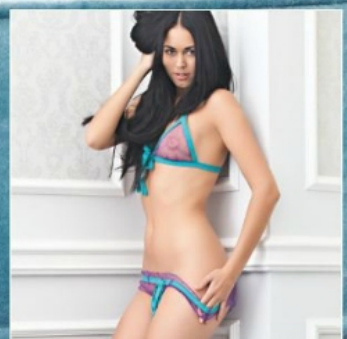
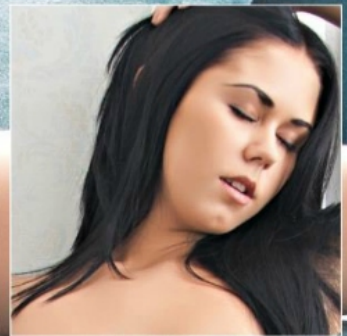
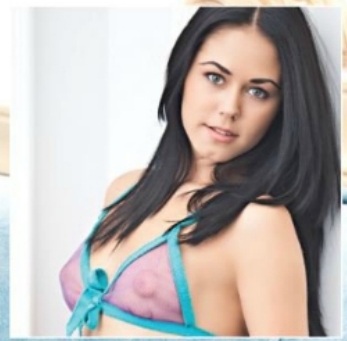
First space tourist Dennis Tito



ISS astronaut Aki Hoshide's self-portrait







blue velvet

Twenty-year-old Monika has the gorgeous face and hair of a fashion model and the lithe curves of a sex kitten, making the creative and insightful 34-24-35 beauty from Kiev, Ukraine, pretty much our perfect woman.


Photographs by Davide Esposito



"I dream of being a fashion designer, and I love to draw and paint in oils. I enjoy being creative, especially in bed."



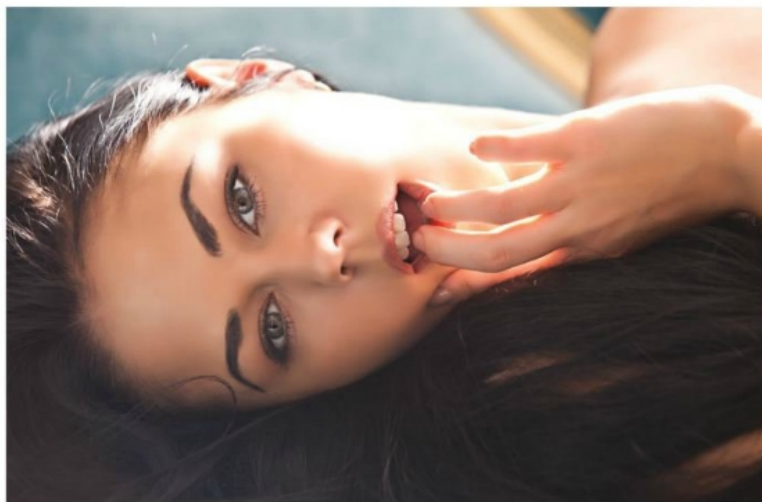




"I like guys who are also creative and attentive and have a good sense of humor. Oh, and I have no patience for boors or bores."

"The most exciting place
I've ever made love is
at the top of a lighthouse.
It was incredible!"





"I get really turned on by thinking about having sex with ten guys at once. It will never happen, but I love to fantasize about it."

SEE MORE OF MONIKA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





ORGASMIC MEDITATION: FRIEND OR FOE?

He thought his new girlfriend's devotion to a cutting-edge sexual technique was going to open up a whole new world for him—until it turned into yet another rival for her attentions.

By Jeff Nichols • Illustrations by Noah Patrick Pharr

I was waiting at the Union Square Starbucks in New York City to meet up with Jessica, a woman I had known for a while and had just begun to date. Jessica was attending an Orgasmic Meditation class nearby. Let me state that again: I was waiting to meet Jessica, a woman I was dating, who was attending an Orgasm Meditation class nearby. Not a yoga class, real estate class, or a class in Mandarin Chinese, but an Orgasmic Meditation session.

Essentially, Jessica, a smart, well-read, sophisticated woman, was getting her clitoris rubbed. Not just rubbed, but *stroked* in a very special way—by a certified “stroker” she had chosen from the group. This was obviously a bizarre New Age concept for any guy to wrap his head around, but I was desperate and Jessica was good-looking compared to my tired ass, so I was trying to be a good sport.

Not About Sex, Huh?

Jessica told me that Orgasmic Meditation (OM) “was not about sex,” and that the men kept all their clothes on. Orgasmic Meditation is a practice promoted by Nicole Daedone, who founded the business OneTaste, which is dedicated to spreading the OM gospel. OM is fairly popular in Northern California (surprise) and elsewhere, but is relatively new to New York. Jessica presented it to me as an actual movement rather than simply a pussy-rubbing club. It’s a way of getting the focus back on the woman, she said, and away

from traditional Western, man-dominated sex that is often depicted in pornography: *Let me do my thing and you play along like you like it.*

After first restraining my impulse to make all kinds of sophomoric fun of the situation, I was not unsympathetic. Many women have told me that while they enjoy penetration, they rarely, if ever, orgasm from it, because men are forever frantically thrusting away at them. If they do, it is usually by stimulating themselves while the guy goes at it.

I myself am not the world’s most sensitive sexual partner. I am Western to the core in this regard. I also like to think that I am better at oral sex than I actually am. I have always enjoyed it, but how much have *they* enjoyed it? The truth hurts. I have had many ambivalent reactions that were real mind fucks, like, “You don’t have to do that every time,” and “Honey, I don’t think I am going to get off that way.”

So my open-mindedness came from self-interest as much as anything else. If there was a chance OM would improve my ability in the sack (and, by extension, my ability to get girls into the sack), then I was on board.

Jessica’s Coattails

With the exception of during high school, I have never been able to enjoy a relationship without experiencing attacks of intense, almost unbearable jealousy. When I got to college, I was instinctively attracted to sexually active girls. In one case, I remember knocking on a girl’s door

early in the morning, demanding to know why she had not responded to the ten or so phone calls I had made to her the night before. Yeah, I was that guy. (And then when a girl would break up with me, I would masturbate and imagine her screwing another guy, but that’s another story.)

I had met Jessica six months before at a beach house in the Hamptons. She was funny and sharp. She had cool friends, and was from a tremendously accomplished, Ivy League family. Jessica, I found out, had had a successful career in Hollywood at one point. I wilted at this. I had failed in show business. I had wanted that life so badly for so many years. I had been a stand-up comedian. I had achieved some degree of success, but ultimately failed. Now, I had a clear image of me, perhaps wearing glasses, going to art openings, Jessica at my side, as I occasionally glanced at my iPhone 5. People would try to get to Jessica through me. I would have clout!

Jessica didn’t tell me about OM right away. All I knew was that she was really into this meditation thing. She frequently attended long, full-day sessions. I was impressed by her dedication and passion. She often spoke about her “workshops” and how liberating and inspiring they were—and how OM’s leader and founder would change the world someday. I had noticed that she often had her nails and hair done before she went.

Yoga Men and Hot Valleys

At some point, Jessica told me she was having a gathering and that I could come if I wanted to, but there would be a lot of people from her meditation class in attendance, and she’d be distracted. It was an ambig-



ous invite. I figured it was probably best to skip it. I could potentially lose ground, since I don't do too well at parties. But not only did I go, I also went early and helped her set up. She was pensive and demanding and I felt sheepish. Since her buzzer was broken, I was assigned the task of going down three flights of stairs to let guests in each time a new group arrived. At first, these arrivals consisted of herds of very sexy and sophisticated women. So far, so good. Then some guys started showing up—yoga-type guys. I dutifully let them in, tossing off frat-boy comments like, "I hope you boys are ready. This place is crawling with chicks!" I immediately felt stupid after saying these things. They smiled at me indulgently, with a sort of pity.

I have never really trusted these kinds of guys. I believe that yoga, if practiced correctly, is great and works absolutely. But I don't always buy the laid-back Zen rap these guys have. I could be dead wrong, but I think their rap is more insidious than the frat boy's rap. At least the frat boy is transparent: "Look, I'm a pig, and I want to come on your face and not call you." The yoga guy is masquerading under the guise of empathy, but also wants to come on a girl's face and *maybe* call her. Biology is what it is. There are certain primal impulses that affect all animals and all human beings, from yoga men to truck drivers to lions in the jungle. No degree of civilization can ever bring about a permanent, collective transmutation of these instinctual urges.

At the party, I was speaking to a pleasant young woman from Brooklyn who runs a vegan health-food store. We were discussing the geographic location of Rhinebeck, New York, relative to Poughkeepsie. I knew it was north, but was it east or west of the Hudson? *Hmm*. Then right behind me I heard a woman talking in a slightly annoying, overconfident voice: "So this guy had two fingers inside me and was working every part of my pussy and rubbing my clit at the same time. We were moving together in complete harmony, and my pussy was so hot...."

After a few moments of this, I turned to my vegan compatriot and said, "Excuse me, but do you mind if we suspend this conversation about the greater Hudson Valley area so I can listen to his woman talk about her *hot valley*?" She laughed and

said sure. We both turned and listened. The woman already had an audience of about ten people who were hanging on every word. She summarized, "The point is, this guy gave me hope that, one day, I could have good sex with a man ... not my husband—we are too far gone—but some man."

Shocking and funny, sure, but I also found it poignant. This woman was serious. Then I glanced over at Jessica. She appeared to be having an intense, intimate conversation with a tall, thin guy wearing a green army jacket. He was a little younger than I am. He looked like he might be gay, so I wasn't threatened yet. But then the woman who had been talking about her hot pussy pointed to the guy and said that he was one of the top master strokers in OM, "the best in the business."

I watched through new eyes as Jessica laughed and pushed back her hair nervously while speaking with him. I decided that I was still okay. It was not until Jessica deftly handed the stroker her card as he left that I experienced a violent psychic shift. My dormant jealousy erupted. I didn't have her card!

If You Can't Beat 'Em ...

But I wasn't jealous of just one guy. I realized I had a powerful and peculiar rival now, and this infernal entity went by the name of Orgasmic Meditation.

I spent that night at Jessica's place, but she told me we could not have sex. I suggested that we both masturbate. She told me that masturbation was not consistent with the principles of OM. She told me that we could have sex once I took the full-day workshop and became good at OMing (aka stroking pussy).

Fair enough, I thought. But as the class approached, I became anxious. The women get to pick who practices on them. What if I was picked last? (It reminded me of my gym-class days.) Or worse, what if I wasn't picked at all, and had no one to practice on? What if I was paired up with a senior citizen?

I understood and embraced much of what the program teaches: slow sex, single-point contact, and women articulating and receiving what *they* want. (Hear, hear!) Yet I was ambivalent. At one moment I thought that OM was indeed a divinely inspired movement, and at the next it seemed like just another sex club masquerading as something deeper.

If OM really is a spiritual journey, why would I be getting emails like

"Excuse me, but do you mind if we suspend this conversation about the greater Hudson Valley area so I can listen to this woman talk about her *hot valley*?"

this?—*Buy seven Orgasmic classes today. Forty-seven-dollar offer expires tonight at midnight. And: For this you get access to the OMing hotline!*

Founding Mother

Before I attended the full-day Orgasmic Meditation workshop, I went to hear Nicole Daedone, the One Taste founder and chief proponent of OM, speak at a free lecture. It was a packed house in Midtown. Daedone appeared to thunderous applause. She was buoyant, and she had a genuine air of expertise. She was right about male-dominated Western sex, how it is way too goal-oriented, and about how women have been complicit, have played along with it, leaving both parties detached and dissatisfied.

She went on to describe how daily orgasms will make a woman's world better all around. They will look better, make more money, and generally live an Orgasmic lifestyle. They will "glow." Some of it sounded like a sales pitch to me. But many people appeared to be buying it.

Daedone closed her talk with a dramatic grand finale, a vivid account of how she was not just a receiver but an actual stroker herself, and often had had every muscle of her partners' pussies "pulsating." She would play with the pussy, direct it, as it were, and bring it in harmony with the cosmos, like a God-inspired maestro conducting a Beethoven symphony.

I felt tight, alone, and remarkably unsexy. And I had a full-day workshop coming the next day!

The Workshop

Jessica and I had started to quarrel. I'd screamed at her in a cab, and she stopped returning my emails for a few days. I was in a melancholy, listless state. I was not entirely sure she would even attend the workshop. The last thing Jessica told me was that my "bad energy was frightening her." Originally, I had decided to take the workshop because I wanted Jessica and I to enjoy sex together and to become a real couple. Now my reason for attending was more mean-spirited. I did not desire or believe

in enlightenment as far as OM was concerned; my mind was now made up and OM was my enemy. It had kept me from getting laid for two months with a woman I desperately hungered for. I wanted to go to that workshop, finger someone—anyone—and then expose OM for the scam/jerk-off parlor that it was....

The building was in SoHo. The room was packed with more than a hundred people, of various nationalities and backgrounds. Average age: mid-forties. A quick glance at the crowd put me at ease right away. They appeared to be a sincere and decent lot of New Yorkers. I saw Jessica there. She looked relaxed and happy and had saved me a seat up front.

As soon as Daedone came out to address the group, I noticed her aura was different. She was no longer a saleswoman, but rather a benevolent and charismatic educator and practitioner. She was completely unscripted. Her mind was on fire.

Ten minutes into her talk, she handed the discussion over to the room. I realized that I'd had it all wrong. OM was nothing to be jealous of, but rather something to celebrate. These were decent, vulnerable people talking about serious things. Some had not had an orgasm in years! Others simply wanted to learn more about intimacy.

The room was remarkably overheated, to the point where a jar of lubricant literally melted. Hot rooms make me claustrophobic and twitchy. I began to ruminate on the heat. Then something quite remarkable happened. A Russian woman to the left of me asked me if she could put her hand behind my head. I said sure. I thought she wanted to rest her hand on the back of my chair. Instead, she calmly put her hand on the back of my head, gently cupping my scalp. Within seconds my body temperature dropped and I was able to focus and observe the group.

After the round-robin talk, it was time to get down to OMing. I was still dying to be with Jessica, but I felt that my nervous energy would turn her off and that would set me back. I wanted to get good at OMing first. Jessica and



I agreed to OM with different people. I asked the girl with the magic hand who was sitting next to me; I wanted to return the favor. She was pretty cute, and I felt if I could really get this broad moaning so that the whole room heard it, then maybe I could get Jessica into a frenzy of jealousy.

Pairing Off

Before we set up our nest (pillows, yoga mat, towel, \$15 jar of OMing lube) and began the 15-minute session, Daedone spoke some more about the technical aspects of stroking. The men were given No. 2 pencils and told to stroke the eraser tip as lightly as possible. Then it was showtime. Daedone was going to do a live demonstration. A woman walked up to the front of the room, pulled down her pants, and got up on the table fully naked, spread-eagle. It was like some primitive ritualistic sacrifice. We all jostled for viewing space; some stood on chairs.

What took place then was flat-out mind-blowing. All skepticism vanished. Daedone and her partner were artists in harmony. This was no put-on.

Finally it was my time to OM. I could see Jessica doing some stretches. She looked insanely voluptuous. I had

made plans with the woman with the cool, kind hands. Jessica had no problem finding a man. He was a balding, laid-back redhead, not traditionally attractive. I did not hate him, but at the same time I knew he was about to see Jessica's very nice pussy. Luckily, my nest was on the other side of the room from them. While I was not jealous, per se, as this was "not about sex," the very real possibility of hearing Jessica moan as Big Red worked on her, while I fruitlessly worked on my partner, would be tough to take.

A timer was set for 13 minutes and we were off. I immediately had problems putting the sanitary gloves on, and getting into the correct yogalike position. Sadly, at this precise time, I had a mini panic attack. All that was good about me vanished; I became neurotic and weird, my sense of humor all but gone. I will say my partner was patient. The staff came around like benevolent angels to guide and instruct me; they cared. They were wonderful.

Finally, with the help of the instructors, I found my partner's clitoris and followed it as it moved. At one point I lost it. "Excuse me," I almost begged a

practitioner, "can you help me find her clit again?" She did. I looked up to see a very heavy elderly woman spread-eagle about ten feet from me. She was moaning. I remember thinking that it was all quite wonderful and surreal, like something out of a Fellini movie. Probably eight of the women were at full climax, with some shrieking and a lot of them groaning. I did not get so much as a moan from my partner.

Then it was time to give a "picture" of how we felt, and what our reactions were. Most people said they were turned on and had climaxed. One woman gleefully announced that she had a "tremendous orgasm." When it got around to Jessica, she said she felt complete euphoria, and her partner, good old Big Red, said he felt like he was playing a guitar. Playing a fucking guitar!

When it got around to my partner, I braced myself. I would not have been surprised if she said something along the lines of, "This American pig cannot stroke no pussy for shit!" As it turned out, she said she had a "throbbing in her head." She essentially told the entire group, including Jessica, that I'd given her a headache.

I said I "gained perspective."

Perspective? After saying this, I immediately wanted to fall on a knife.

The relationship with Jessica ended in a bad crash-landing. I never got to sleep with her. Although I did once eat her out and got so turned on I came before I could stick it in. We had several awful fights, and many of Jessica's OM friends suggested that she get a restraining order against me.

I never returned to OM, but I must admit, every event I went to afterward seemed a bit dull by comparison.

In Practice

Not wanting the whole experience to go to waste, I tried OMing once on my own, outside the structure of the OM environment. It was with my neighbor's cleaning lady, with whom I had had sex before. I did not really take the time to explain the spiritual components of the practice to the woman, who was turned on immediately and started to gyrate. Her hips were coming off the floor, and she was saying, "Fuck me, fuck me," three minutes into the meditation practice.

I tried in vain to tell her that "it was not about sex," but, you know, you really can't build an entire movement around orgasms, and then tell people it's not about sex.

Can you? 

PAPER MATES

This hungry reporter has plenty of women on his beat.

As told to Ronnie Koenig



Working as a journalist overseas is filled with excitement, danger, and—in my experience—very hot sex. Although I missed out on marrying, having kids, and putting down roots like my childhood friends, I've lived life on the edge, willingly entering war zones to get the story, and sometimes putting my life at risk. That intensity is what makes fucking both a necessary form of temporary relaxation and a

passionate, intense, and sometimes danger-filled experience.

One of my first real stories was about human trafficking in Southeast Asia. I went there on my own as a freelancer looking to find a story to sell, and I was scared as hell, though I made sure not to show it. When I got to my hotel, I immediately got in touch with my fixer, a local guide who would give me advice and act as a translator.

Mali looked almost boyish at our first meeting, and I didn't think of her as anything but a colleague. On my

first night at the hotel, however, she came to my room to discuss putting me in touch with some rescued victims. She had nixed my plan of posing as a potential customer, telling me that it was too dangerous and that it was her job to keep me safe. Now she said that it was also her job to make me as comfortable as possible.

Letting down her long black hair and boldly kissing me full on the mouth, she transformed from an all-business fixer to a woman. At that moment, the only problem I needed

With her hands gripping the railing and her perfect bottom pushed out, I had full access. She was open and willing and accepted me in both orifices. Alternating between the tight grip of her ass and the easy softness of her cunt, my cock enjoyed the best of both worlds.

her to fix was the growing erection in my pants. Mali pushed me into a chair and knelt down in front of me. I undid my zipper and offered her my cock, which she didn't hesitate to hungrily lick and suck. To my utter excitement, she alternated between doing this and gently sucking my balls. I came with a force I hadn't felt in months, filling her perfect mouth with an ample serving of come, which she swallowed with pleasure.

Being British and thus exceedingly polite, I knew I had to reciprocate. I threw Mali on the bed and pulled off her clothes to devour her soft, wet pussy, making her sigh with pleasure. Her nipples were totally erect and her hands gripped the bedsheets. "Richard, you're making me come," she moaned, which got me hard again. Mali's body shook with orgasm as waves of pleasure overtook her, and she ground her pussy against my face until finally she was through.

Mali kept me comfortable and satisfied for my entire trip, and the reporting from that freelance job gave me my big break: traveling on assignment to the Middle East for a prestigious news outlet. My photographer, Belinda, and I had our own security detail, but we still found ourselves in some very dicey situations. When we attempted to cover the ongoing protests, we were shot at and ended up running for our lives. Belinda, an attractive blonde who had done her best to make herself inconspicuous during our travels, gripped my hand tightly when we found refuge in an entryway on a side street. Sirens blared and shots fired all around us. I had a hunch that tear gas would be next, so I hurried us along till I could kick open the door of an abandoned souvenir shop and barricade us inside.

Belinda had fear in her eyes, but behind that I could also see desire. "If we're going to die, let's go out with a fucking bang," she said, pushing her body up against mine. I really couldn't argue with that, so we quickly moved aside our clothing until the necessary parts were exposed. Standing in a doorway, I grabbed Belinda's small waist and pushed myself inside her. She was tight and gasped in surprise, but as I pumped in and out of her at a steady pace, she relaxed and encouraged me to fuck her even harder. I shoved my hands up her shirt until I could palm her large tits and pinch the pert nipples I had glimpsed through her blouse on more than one

occasion. Letting go like it was my last fuck on Earth, I exploded inside the heat of her pussy. By the time we straightened ourselves out, the gunshots had subsided, and we smiled at each other, happy to be alive and feeling slightly awkward about our sudden intimacy.

There's nothing quite like receiving death threats from drug lords to make you want to go into hiding, and that's what I had to do for a short period of time when a story of mine was published. The safe house was in a major European city, and as soon as I arrived I felt like I could breathe for the first time in months. Avital was a fellow journalist taking refuge, and her long, dark curly hair and a body that could rival a supermodel's caught my eye immediately. We started screwing at every opportunity—in stairwells, in our bedrooms, and once inside a pantry closet, gasping and stifling our grunts while other refugees talked and dined just feet away.

The night before I was getting ready to go back to the U.K., we said our last good-byes on the balcony of her room. With her hands gripping the railing and her perfect bottom pushed out, I had full access to her pussy and arse. That night, she was open and willing and accepted me in both orifices so easily that I knew this was a new level of pleasure for her, too. Alternating between the tight grip of her ass and the easy softness of her cunt, my cock enjoyed the best of both worlds. Her reward was a creamy river that pooled in the crevice between her buttocks and dripped down the back of her thighs.

I was hesitant to leave the next morning, but I knew there was no way I'd make it in this place, even with a woman this beautiful by my side. Besides, there were still many more adventures—and women—to be had. 





school's out

BFFs Dillion and Natalie have been at different colleges, separated by 300 miles, so as soon as they get home for the holidays, they pull out their favorite naughty-schoolgirl outfits, set up their "schoolhouse," and reconnect on a whole new level. When this deeper connection takes them to previously unknown heights of passionate release, they know they'll be fulfilling all their dirty desires before leaving for the spring semester.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens



















SEE MORE OF DILLION & NATALIE AT PENTHOUSE.COM.



A SOLDIER'S STORY

ART BY JASON JOHNSON • COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

During Operation Desert Storm, I was deployed as a gunner. I hardly saw any women, so I hadn't had sex in months. When I finally did get lucky, I got laid not by one, but by two women at the same time.



I was on the phone with my unit, trying to arrange transport, when two female medics—a blonde named Sally and a brunette named Toni—offered me a ride.



During the long drive, we talked about what we missed and the conversation turned to sex. The women felt sorry for me when they learned how long it had been for me.







Toni lay back on the stretcher and spread her legs.

Fuck me and make me come.

While I fucked Toni, Sally straddled Toni's face.


Fuck, yeah!

Watching my cock pump into Toni and hearing the sounds the two women were making was enough to send me over the edge. I exploded, shooting a massive load of come into Toni's love canal.

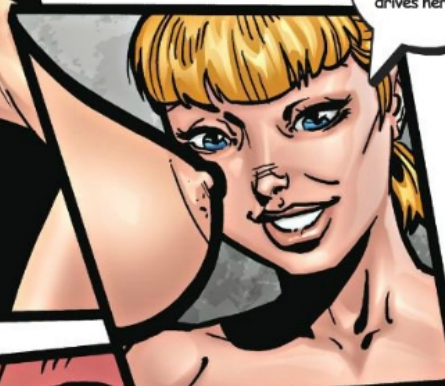
Aaah!

Afterward, Sally lapped up my come from Toni's pussy.

Then they both licked my cock clean and got me hard again.




It was Sally's turn to ride my cock, while Toni grabbed her friend's bouncing tits and squeezed them.



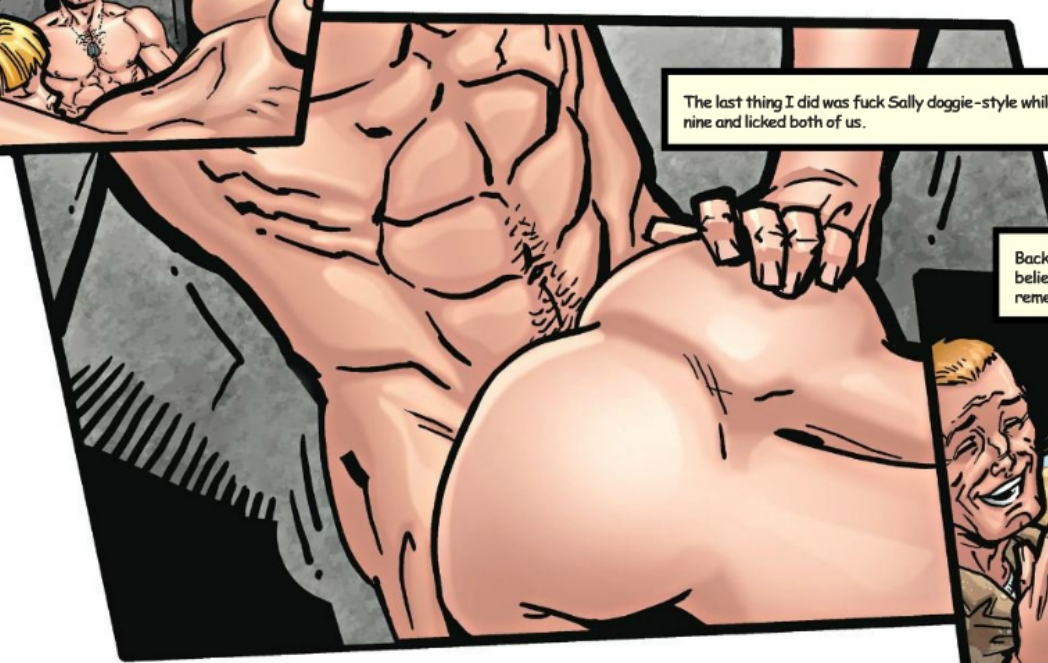
Stick your finger up her ass—it drives her wild!




I pushed my finger into Toni's tight asshole and Sally pushed hers into Toni's pussy. While Sally's slick cunt rode my cock, we had Toni rocking with orgasm after orgasm. Then I blasted a load deep inside Sally, and she came right after that.



For the next hour, I watched the girls pleasure each other.



The last thing I did was fuck Sally doggie-style while Toni lay under her in a sixty-nine and licked both of us.



Back at my unit, none of the guys believed my story, but I'll always remember my two desert angels.

The end

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH



Give Her the Fingers

I always thought that finger-fucking was something you did as a teenager, and then moved on from when you started having real sex. But the woman I'm in a relationship with now is into being fingered, and I don't know if I'm good at it. Any tips?

Make no mistake: Finger-fucking is real sex. It's one of those sexual practices that get lumped together in the category of "foreplay," but finger-fucking doesn't always have to be the opening act for Little Richard. Many women, in fact, would rather your fingers be the headliner.

A dick is a blunt instrument, and I don't mean that as a dis on dicks. In some situations, only a dick will do. But it lacks finesse. Leonardo da Vinci didn't paint the "Mona Lisa" using his dick. Likewise, it often takes a nimble touch to bring a woman to orgasm.

Now, let's get down to the nitty-gritty. Before anything else, look at your fingernails. If they're long, ragged, or caked with crud, that will not do. They must be short, smooth, and clean.

Your default hand position going in should be palm and fingertips up, with your fingers curved slightly. Try this exercise: Turn your palm upward and relax your hand. Notice how your fingers naturally curve when relaxed. Keep them that way. A lot of guys think they should hold their fingers straight and rigid. Wrong. Don't give

her pussy the Boy Scout salute.

There isn't a master technique that always works. Every woman likes something different. Many variables are involved in finger-fucking, but the three basics are: (1) how many fingers, (2) how fast, and (3) how much pressure.

You have to get these three things right, or you'll get nowhere. The best way to get them right is by listening to feedback. You can ask, but also encourage her to give you simple verbal commands as you go—for example, "yes," "like that," "slower," "press harder," "another finger."

The next key variable is where to focus. It helps to have a good understanding and mental map of her anatomy. If you think of the vagina as a mysterious hole, you'll fail at finger-fucking. It really helps to know what you're touching, both inside and out. Generally speaking, the most sensitive area of the vagina is the first inch or two inside the opening—not much deeper than your first or second knuckle. And often the best place to focus pressure is the front wall of the vagina (the belly-button side), where the G spot can be found.

That said, you don't have to know what you're doing to be an awesome finger-fucker, as long as you can follow directions. When she says, "Do that," do that. Don't slack off or try to change it up. Keep at it, nice and steady. Repetition, they say, is the secret to success.



Hair Don't?

Is chest/back hair truly a huge turnoff to women? I'm a fairly hairy guy. I haven't had anyone refuse to sleep with me because of it, but at the same time I keep hearing about how it's supposedly gross, and I am always self-conscious about it.

The ideal male torso in our society is hairless, yet most men have hairy chests and/or backs.

One of the differences between men and women that usually holds true is that women tend to be more willing to take greater pains to conform to fashionable ideals of beauty than men are. The least fussy women I know still shave their legs and armpits, albeit grudgingly. That's because it's totally expected, and almost universally done in America.

If American women stopped depilating, would they lose their appeal? Would straight (and lesbian) sex be all over with? Of course not. A small minority might go on being grossed out by women with hairy legs and armpits, but the rest of us would get used to it, and before long we wouldn't even notice.

The thing is, so few men trouble with routine body-hair removal that the mildly to moderately hirsute among us don't stand out. As long as the majority of men continue to ignore fashion's strictures against body hair, you'll be able to get away with it.



Gerbiling

Has anyone actually ever put a gerbil up their ass?

Probably. If you can imagine doing it, there's a good chance someone among the more than six billion people alive on Earth today, or among all the billions who have lived before, has done it. Nevertheless, there isn't a single verified and documented case of a gerbil having been inserted into, or extracted from, a person's rectum.

Many people like to stick things up their butts. The trouble is, things easily get stuck in there. Once an object slips past the anus, the rectum sucks it up and won't let it go. We sex-advice folks have been saying for years that you should never stick anything up your butt if there's any chance it could go in too far. Sex toys meant for anal play have wide, flared bases so they can't go all the way in. But many people still haven't gotten the message, don't take us seriously, or decide to risk it anyhow when they don't have access to an anal-safe toy.

That's why doctors frequently have to remove objects from people's rectums. Sometimes doctors get around to publishing articles about the things they've found in people's butts. The variety is really astounding. I know everyone likes lists, so here is a list of some "rectal foreign bodies" documented in peer-reviewed medical reports:

- ★ vibrators and dildos
- ★ lightbulbs
- ★ carrots
- ★ various glass and plastic bottles
- ★ toothbrushes
- ★ butane gas cylinder
- ★ oven mitt
- ★ pestle
- ★ piece of garden hose
- ★ soldering-iron handle
- ★ screwdriver
- ★ torch

- ★ bar of soap
- ★ hairbrush
- ★ bicycle inner tube
- ★ concrete
- ★ marker pen
- ★ string of articulated plastic cubes
- ★ stone
- ★ turkey baster
- ★ billy club
- ★ cucumbers
- ★ apples
- ★ Christmas ornaments
- ★ camping stove
- ★ knives
- ★ trailer hitch
- ★ nails
- ★ utensils
- ★ small pumpkin
- ★ tube containing calcium tablets
- ★ wooden rasp
- ★ glass probe
- ★ rubber puppet
- ★ spray-foam insulation

Gerbils, or live animals of any sort, are conspicuously absent. Even if "gerbiling" were a niche sexual practice, let alone a widespread one, at least one gerbiled rectum would have wound up in an emergency department somewhere in the English-speaking world, where at least one doctor would have grasped the significance of the find, and would have been quick to publish a case report, which then would have been seized upon by every news organization on the planet. The fact that it hasn't happened leads me to agree with every other researcher who has investigated gerbiling. Whether or not it has ever been done is beside the point. Gerbiling, as a sexual practice, is a myth. It's not a thing. "Lightbulbing," on the other hand ... well, you shouldn't do that, either. 〇十一

sitting pretty



Tracy Lindsay, a 21-year-old, 35-25-35 blonde from the Czech Republic, says there's not one single thing to complain about when it comes to her career as an erotic model: "I love my job! I meet a lot of nice people, visit nice places, and show myself off. I really like knowing that men and women fantasize about me!"

Photographs by Viv Thomas







"Telling a guy that I want to have sex is not my style. I'm old-fashioned that way and think he must take that first step. But when I'm interested, I let guys know by my behavior."







“My ideal man would be kind to me in normal life, but bad to me in bed. Or, as I once heard it said, ‘Treat me like a princess, fuck me like a whore.’”



"I don't have an ideal date, though. I think it's unfair to hold someone up to some unrealistic dream evening. I prefer to judge people by how they treat me."



"The most daring thing I've ever done was fight off six guys who tried to snatch my purse. I'd had enough training to know how to stand up for myself, and they were so surprised that they left me alone."

SEE MORE OF TRACY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.







3 CHOICES

Two professional submissives explore pain and pleasure, the illusion of control, and the true meaning of sexual freedom.

By Reverend Jen

Early one morning, Annie called and proposed we do another session together, this time with a businessman named William. Annie and I had both been working

as professional submissives for years. We preferred doing sessions together because it meant we could amuse each other in the midst of our torment. She told me she'd seen William many times, and that he paid \$300 for an easy hour. He had "unusual" fetishes, but there would be no sex involved.

For this session, she'd rented out a room at a dungeon called Avalon. Sadly, there was nothing magical or elfin about Avalon. It was a lot like every other dungeon in New York—filled with whips, chains, hooks, and the smell of Lysol and come.

William began the session by asking us to strip naked, which we did.

Then he asked us to put on the thick, black leather collars he'd brought with him. My collar was so massive that it looked like I was being treated for whiplash. He stripped naked, and I was shocked to find that, despite his frail appearance, he was sporting one of the largest erections I'd ever seen.

He told Annie and me to face each other, and to put our hands behind our heads. Taking out a pair of nipple clamps, he attached one clamp to my right nipple and the other to Annie's left nipple so that a chain connected us. Annie barely flinched. I, on the other hand, had to do Lamaze breathing in order to deal with the pain. My nipples are so small that most clamps cover them entirely. He pulled on the chain and jiggled it around.

Don't think about it. Don't think about it. It'll all be over soon, I repeated in my head. As if to silence my thoughts, he ball-gagged me and told me to snap my fingers if it grew too painful. I had come to realize I didn't mind ball gags, because they kept me from having to say anything. In real life I can't seem to shut up, but in sessions, I want nothing more than to be quiet. Then he slipped a blindfold over my

eyes, but it was flimsy and let a lot of light in, so I could cheat if I wanted to.

Once I was blindfolded, his body—cock included—pressed up against my back while he caressed my aching right breast. He then removed the blindfold, gag, and nipple clamp.

He led Annie and me to the doorway, which led to the "library," which was filled with whips and chains and books no one ever read, along with a desk no one ever sat at—unless maybe they were tied to it. He put wrist and ankle cuffs on Annie and attached her wrists to eye hooks at the top of the doorway. Then he attached her ankles to hooks at the bottom of the doorway.



"This is my favorite position," Annie said and giggled.

Producing two wooden clothespins, he attached them to the skin just above her armpits. He took two plastic clothespins with little silver weights on the ends, and attached them to her labia. While it sounds painful, it isn't.

Annie looked down at the weights and said, "So this is what it's like to have balls."

William then took out a set of nipple clamps and attached them to her nipples.

"Okay," he said, turning to me, "now we are going to play a game. I'm going to blindfold you again, and you are going to remove these with your mouth." He gestured to the clothespins. "Start here and work your way down."

He slipped the blindfold over my eyes. Moving my tongue gently across Annie's body, I found the first clothespin. This task reminded me of the game Operation, and I thought about how greed is the central theme of all games. A friend of mine once pointed out that most children's games can be summed up as: "You

get all your things, you put 'em in your thing, and then you win!"

And S&M is like a board game with human game pieces. I removed each clamp and clip deftly. If this were an Olympic event, I'd be a gold medalist. Annie breathed a sigh of relief each time I removed another piece. When I got down to the final pieces, I let my tongue linger before removing them. I handed William the final piece with my mouth.

"Get down on your knees and kiss her," he instructed. Since she was standing, I assumed he meant for me to kiss her on the vagina.

After I had properly shown her some affection, he suggested we reverse the game. This time he tied me up and let Annie go to work. Although it was pretty painful, it was less work than removing the clips.

Annie removed the clothespins with ease, but when she got to the nipple clamps I panicked, because they wouldn't come off. Horrific, Goya-like visions of my chest being separated from my body entered my mind, but they were for naught, because after a bit of tugging the clamps finally came off.

Once I was stripped of my ornaments, William suggested we worship his feet. He had remarkably clean feet,

and I was happy to endure a physically painless activity for a change. Of course, the foot worship lasted only a moment before he conjured up another challenge. William seemed to have sexual ADD.

"How well do you girls know each other?" he said, turning to me to ask, "Do you know what Annie's into?"

I told him I thought I knew Annie fairly well. Truth was, I hardly knew Annie at all.

He continued, "I'm going to give Annie three choices. She'll tell me which activity she prefers. You will then have to guess which activity she chose. If you guess wrong, you will have to perform or endure that activity. If you guess right, she will."

Annie's three choices were: (A) have her feet whipped 20 times, (B) suck William's cock, or (C) shove the end of a bullwhip up her ass.

Given this predicament, I instinctively chose the one that I would mind the least. If I guessed wrong, I would be saving Annie from torment, and if I guessed right, I would save myself. I knew Annie hated foot torture, but it never bothered my

They bound my hands and tied my legs spread-eagle, so as to make my pussy an easier target. William combined A and B, and made me wear nipple clamps while receiving the whipping.

calloused, pedestrian feet. Not to mention, it seemed infinitely less messy and time-consuming than a blowjob. As for the bullwhip up the ass, I have never been comfortable shoving anything other than dildos, Q-tips, penises, or tampons into my body. So I chose A.

I was flabbergasted when Annie revealed that she'd chosen C.

So I got to play the martyr and have my feet whipped while Annie laughed at me the whole time. But the whipping was completely painless and I got to lie down. After my punishment we reversed the game. My choices were the following: (A) wear a pair of nipple clamps and remove them with my teeth, (B) have my pussy whipped 20 times, or (C) shove a lit candle up my ass (not the lit end, obviously).

The nipple clamps were out. My nipples still ached from the session's previous nipple torture, and the candle was out for reasons I've already covered. The obvious winner was B.

I'm certain Annie knew this, but rather than guess wrong and play the martyr, she guessed correctly. While B was my choice, it was not going to be fun. My pussy, unlike my calloused feet, is delicate. Beads of sweat ran slowly down my back as they tied me up.

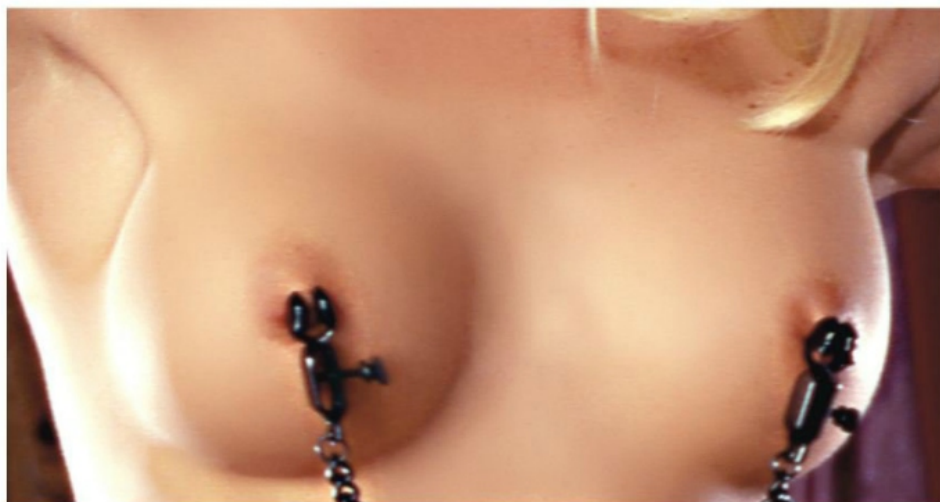
I lay down on the leather bed at the center of the room. They bound my hands over my head and tied my legs spread-eagle, so as to make my pussy an easier target. In a lecherous move, William combined A and B, and made me wear nipple clamps while receiving the whipping.

After my whipping, William asked Annie, "Is she ticklish? Do you want to tickle her?"

"Yes, Master," she said.

William untied my legs and then, with rope, tied my ankles to the chain that connected my nipple clamps to each other. They both began to tickle me, and my first impulse was to thrash around, but I quickly realized that each movement sent shockwaves of pain through my nipples. I therefore remained perfectly still for a few minutes, and then they got bored and untied me.

William had mentioned earlier



that he wanted us to dominate him at the end of the session, so Annie suggested we switch roles. I don't really like being dominant. When I'm passive it feels natural, but when I'm dominant it feels like an act. Maybe I'm a romantic, but I feel that there needs to be some love in the equation. The most authentic games occur between loved ones. The only men who ever really knew how to torture me were the ones I loved, and the only men I've tortured properly were the ones who loved me.

Annie took control of the situation and suggested I get William a collar. I brought him a black leather collar and fastened it around his neck. He looked pathetic. Annie told him he was a good slave and ordered him to kneel before us and kiss our feet. I worried that maybe my feet were dirty. If they were, he obviously didn't mind. I picked up a paddle and nonchalantly paddled his rear while Annie twisted his nipples. Finally, she told him to lie down.

"You're a good slave," we cooed together, because having just been slaves, we knew how important appreciation was. Then I thrust my foot in and out of his mouth as Annie verbally tormented him.

"Maybe we should use you as our personal toilet and pee all over you. I bet you'd like that, you little slut!


Maybe if you're not good, we'll drag you out into the hallway on a leash and have all the other Mistresses make fun of you!"

She opened the door to the hallway in order to make her threat more real. A look of total ecstasy came over William as his hands furiously groped at his cock. Annie and I encouraged him, and he began to stroke his penis while we played with his nipples. Since Annie had seen William before, she knew what to do, brutally twisting his nipples.

"Harder," he moaned, and we twisted crazily until at long last he came. A look of relief and joy spread across his face, a look that was soon replaced with a sheepish expression that so many clients wore at session's end. I always felt sorry for them, going about their seemingly normal lives while obsessing over nipple clamps, gags, clothespins, collars, feet, and everything else.

William seemed like a nice guy, and he was one client who later opened up to me, not because I pried, but because he desperately *wanted* to open up. I once asked him if he ever suggested anything kinky to his wife.

"You don't get it," he said. "We are old-fashioned. She thinks blowjobs are kinky. You have no idea how lucky you are to be so free."

I hadn't been at the dungeon long, but I was starting to realize he was right. Even though I was a slave, I was freer than most. 

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Best Surprise Ever

While my wife's gorgeous former roommate Cassie was visiting us, we set up a bowling date with one of my buddies. My wife, Pia, thought the two of them would hit it off. Pia convinced me to talk Vince into it with a great bet: Whoever lost at bowling, best two out of three, would be the winner's sex slave for an entire weekend after Cassie's visit.

We had a lot of fun that night, but Cassie was obviously not interested in Vince. In fact, when he and I went to get a round of beers, Vince told me Cassie kept checking me out. He said I should try for a threesome. I laughed a little, then cracked up when I realized he was serious. How the hell was I supposed to bring that up? Pia and I have been married for three years, and we've never even *talked* about having a three-way.

Vince headed home after the third game, and Cassie suggested we go home and watch a movie. She said she'd brought a film that she thought we'd really like, adding, "You know the one I mean, Pia. I told you about it."

Pia giggled and looked at me with a guilty, embarrassed expression, then asked Cassie to give us a minute. After Cassie went to the ladies' room, Pia pulled me out to the car and told me that Cassie is bisexual, and when she and Cassie lived together they were close. "Really close, physically, if you know what I mean." All I could think was, *Damn, how did Vince see this coming before I did?*

I grinned at Pia and said, "I'm in for whatever's on your mind."

On the way back to our house, Pia told me that Cassie had been "seeing" her neighbors. Then Cassie jumped in and said the wife had decided the husband was too into Cassie. "I don't have time to date," Cassie said. "That's why a threesome a couple of times a month worked so well

for me. I can handle things myself most of the time, but right now I'm in desperate need of a dick. I hope I'm not making you uncomfortable."

I laughed a little nervously and told her I was definitely uncomfortable, but not the way she meant. I felt like my dick was going to burst out of my jeans like an alien coming out of a torso. Then Pia said, "We're not going to need to watch that video, Cass."

When we got home, Pia told me to sit on the couch. Then Cassie and Pia helped each other out of their clothes and kissed, hands all over each other. I couldn't believe what I was seeing, and I pulled out my cock to stroke it. Finally, Pia held out her hand and pulled me toward Cassie, who went right for a French kiss while Pia took off my clothes.

We were all ready for more, so I had Cassie get on her hands and knees. I knelt behind her, rubbed my dick along her slit, and said, "Is this what you want, Cassie?"

"God, yes," she moaned. "Fuck me hard!"

Pia guided me into Cassie's wet pussy, and I plunged in as soon as my wife's hand was out of the way. Cassie pushed back against me, meeting me thrust for thrust within a minute, already yelling that she needed more. I reached around for her clit, only to find Pia's hand stroking Cassie quickly. Pia used her other hand to cup my balls, squeezing gently so they were pulled tight with each thrust. I used both hands to grab Cassie's tits, a nice pair of C-cups, then pinched her nipples. As I was tugging her tits, she came, and I couldn't believe how hard her pussy milked my dick.

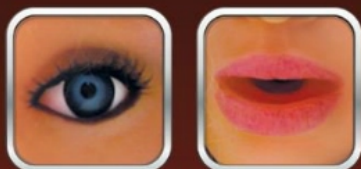
"Don't come yet, baby," Pia said, kissing me as I stroked in and out of her friend. "Let me get down there so you can come in my mouth."



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As Pia slid under Cassie in a sixty-nine, it became even more obvious that the girls had plenty of experience together. I felt Pia's tongue working on Cassie's cunt as I fucked her, and when Cassie put her head down to eat out my wife, that did it. I pulled out and busted my nut all over Pia's face. She caught as much as she could in her mouth, but my come was all over her cheeks and chin. Cassie turned around and licked it up, which led to a makeout session for the girls while I fingered Pia to a screaming climax.

For round two, the girls got back on their hands and knees next to each other. I pushed into my wife while the girls kissed, then switched over to Cassie. I was in pussy heaven, fucking one and then the other, egged on by the girls' pleasure-filled cries. Then Pia said she wanted to ride me. She pushed me back, straddled my hips, and engulfed me as Cassie sat on my face. The girls leaned in to kiss and play with each other's clit. We went on like that until Pia came again, squeezing me rhythmically, but since I'd already come once, I was able to hold off. The girls switched, and Cassie was so primed that she got off almost immediately.

Now that the ladies had come again, I shot my load, leaving Cassie dripping jizz as she lifted herself off me. She lay down on the floor and Pia dove in, eating up every bit and getting Cassie off twice more, despite the distraction of me licking her to another explosive climax.

Afterward I grabbed a round of beer from the fridge and we all rested,

then the girls treated me to a shared blowjob before we retired to the bedroom for the night. We sucked and fucked for hours, and I was amazed that I managed to climax two more times. I haven't come like that since I was a teenager. Right before we went to sleep, Pia reminded me that I'd won all three games of bowling. "You get a weekend with me as your sex slave after Cassie leaves, like we agreed, or you can cash in tomorrow and have both of us to command." Talk about a no-brainer!—S.J., California

Good Morning

I got up early, since I had a lot to do. After I'd showered, Mark came into the bathroom to keep me company. It made me hot and wet to know he was watching me rub lotion all over my body. I had just pulled on my thong and skirt when he pushed me against the vanity, raised my skirt, and drove his thick stick deep into my snatch.

"Deeper, please, deeper," I groaned.

Oh, my God, this guy could fuck! His thrusts were steady but swift. Each time he pounded into me, he pushed up and in, hitting my G spot perfectly. I had no choice but to come.

And come I did—down my legs, down his, soaking the hair around his shaft. Then it was his turn. He came all over my ass, and I delighted in lapping up the remaining cream from his cock.

I pulled off my skirt and thong, wiped the come off



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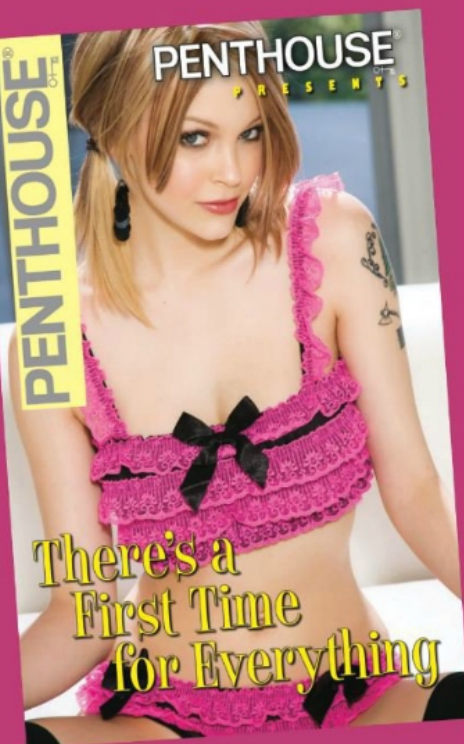
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[penthouse forum]

my ass, and went into the bedroom to grab clean clothes. I still had a long list of errands to run, but for now I was one up on the stress.—*L.S., Minnesota*

■ My Boss the Cougar

My neighbor, a superhot fortysomething with dark blonde hair, great legs, and a huge rack, asked me to build a bunch of shelves in her basement while I was home from college for the summer, and gave me a key so I could get in while she was at work. After the first week, I was halfway done, and she texted me to say she was impressed by how fast I was working. She said she had some other things I could do for her, since I was going to be finished so quickly, and asked me to come by on Saturday morning so she could show me what she had in mind. She said I should just let myself in.

On Saturday I went in the back door like always, but I didn't see her. I called her name, and heard her say she was upstairs. "Come on up, Jason. I need your help in the bedroom."

I went upstairs and heard a loud moan from one of the bedrooms. This was getting better and better. When I got to the doorway, I was not at all surprised to see Nancy fucking herself with a huge dildo. I got an instant hard-on and walked into the room. Nancy checked out the bulge in my shorts, smiled, and said, "Great. You brought just the right tool for the job."

I walked toward the bed and took off my clothes. She stared at my cock, which was proudly pointing the way toward her, and took it in her hand to pull it toward her face. She licked the tip before shoving it into her warm mouth, then bobbed her head and sucked me till I was ready to explode. I pulled out of her mouth as shot after shot of hot come jetted out, landing all over her gorgeous tits. She used her fingers to scoop up every drop.

I got between her legs to eat her out, just like I'd been imagining all week. By the time she came, moaning and wailing and shaking, I was hard again. I slipped my cockhead into her and pushed forward, inch by inch, until I was in up to my nuts. It felt so good to be inside her. She held on tight and I rode her like a madman. We fell in sync, moving together like a well-oiled machine, barreling toward that final moment of ecstasy. It was fucking incredible!

Afterward, she took me through all three bedrooms, both bathrooms, and the linen closet, showing me exactly what she wanted done with each closet and helping me take measurements. Then she said, "Maybe it would be a good idea to go pick up the shelving today, so everyone on the street can see that you're really working. After you bring it all into the garage, I'll make lunch and we can go back to bed. Oh, and I expect you to stay here till I'm home every evening, so I can check your work and stay on top of you."—*J.B., Missouri*

■ A Fresh Start

Last weekend I had a date with Vanessa, a woman I'd met in a chat room a few months before. We'd had some pretty steamy email exchanges and phone sex, and had finally decided to meet in person. Vanessa is an attractive 30-year-old, about five foot three, with long, light-brown hair. She has



small breasts, a bubble butt, and a shaved pussy with just a landing strip. She has a husky voice with a slight accent, and I couldn't wait to meet her in person. We agreed to meet at a restaurant in my neighborhood.

Vanessa walked through the door in a very short floral dress with stiletto heels. She gave me a quick hug and a kiss, and we were seated. We ordered food, but we couldn't take our eyes off each other. When we finished, I asked her if she wanted dessert. Vanessa suggested we have it at her place. I told her I'd follow her in my car, paid the bill, and we left.

Vanessa lived about 15 minutes away. When we arrived at her condo, I parked in the space next to hers and followed her inside. She led me up the stairs and into the bedroom, sat on the bed, and leaned back on her hands. When I kissed her, she locked her hands behind my neck and pulled me down on top of her.

With our mouths fused together, we both started pulling her dress over her head. I popped open her front-closing bra. I just had to have a

taste of those perfectly round breasts and pierced nipples. I sucked on one, flicking the little gold ring back and forth with my tongue while I rolled the other between my fingers. She moaned and pressed her hips against my hard cock, discovering that I was just as turned-on as she was.

I released her nipple and dragged my tongue down toward her stomach. As I slid down her body, I pulled off her thong and discovered another little gold ring. I licked and sucked her clit, gently tugging on the ring with my lips. Her moans grew louder as she held my head and thrust her pussy toward my mouth. I could tell she was on the verge of coming. She just needed a little nudge, so I gave her one, thrusting two fingers inside her and sucking hard on her clit.

The sight of Vanessa in the throes of orgasm was almost enough to set me off. As she calmed down, I took off my pants. She pulled me on top of



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her again and I teased her with the tip of my cock, reenacting one of our heated telephone conversations. I teased her by rubbing my shaft up and down against her pussy, until Vanessa took matters into her own hands. She placed her hand over mine, guided the head of my cock to her entrance, and quickly grabbed my ass and pulled me into her heat.

She rotated her hips in time with my thrusts, and we picked up the pace. I wanted to make it last, but she came again, pushing me over the edge as well. It was one of the most powerful orgasms I'd ever had.

Vanessa asked me to stay the night, and if I hadn't had an early-morning breakfast meeting, I would have. I told her if she gave me one of her special wake-up calls to make sure I didn't miss my meeting, I'd come back afterward and we could pick up where we left off. Not only did I get an X-rated wake-up call in the morning, but when I called her after the meeting to say I was on my way over, Vanessa proceeded to give me a detailed description of everything she planned on doing to me once I got to her place.—S.R., Georgia

■ Thanks for the Inspiration

I've been happily married for five years and enjoy sex with my wife on a daily basis, with one exception—Rebecca never wants me to eat her pussy, and pretty much sticks to the missionary position.

But several weeks ago

things changed for the better, and I have your "Forum" letters to thank for it. After she discovered the joys of erotica, having read *Fifty Shades of Grey*, we started reading erotic letters to each other. Finally, Rebecca suggested we shake things up a little.

One night, in the middle of reading a letter about a couple doing it doggie-style, Rebecca got on her hands and knees and let me tease her from behind with my stiff dick. While she read the letter, I plunged my rod into her. We both loved screwing in this position, and for a while, she didn't want to have sex any other way.

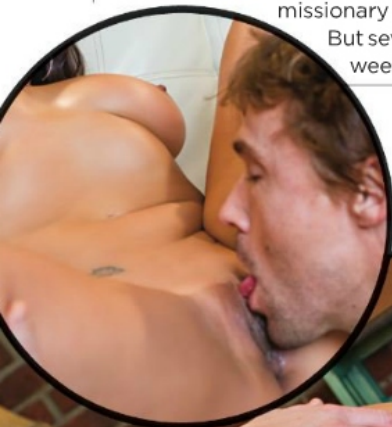
On another occasion, she pulled me on top of her for what I thought would be straight fucking. We'd just finished reading a letter about a couple having oral sex. Since she had never let me eat her out before, I was a little confused when she placed her hands on my shoulders and pushed me down until my head was by her snatch. It only took a moment for me to realize that I was finally going to do what I'd wanted to do for years.

I ran my tongue along her pussy lips and she moaned softly. She tasted sweet and musky. I drove my tongue into her, savoring her juices. Her hands moved from my shoulders to my head, pulling me even closer. When I went for her clit and began sucking and swirling my tongue around the little knob, she immediately responded by grinding her pussy against my mouth. By the time I was through, I'd made her come several times. And the fucking afterward was something else. I don't think either of us had ever been so turned-on.

We're still reading the letters and having a great time coming up with fun ideas that keep us turned-on. It's amazing how much things have changed in our relationship. We're loving it!—M.D., Utah

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You can have a change in length and thickness. Your sex partner can see and feel how thick, long and hard you are. You are much larger now and you can penetrate the most sensitive areas of the woman including her G-Spot. These sensations can give her multiple orgasms and give you the confidence of being a better lover.

CAN YOU HAVE PERMANENT OR ENLARGEMENT FOR A LIFETIME RESULTS?

Dr. Bross advises size can be up to 3 inches bigger and can have Enlargement for a lifetime when you continue to take PRO+PLUS PILLS. The longer you take PRO+PLUS PILLS you can have a longer, thicker and harder penis and long lasting results.

REACH YOUR MAXIMUM POTENTIAL

The ingredients of PRO+PLUS PILLS makes it possible for you to maintain your enlargement. Continue to use PRO+PLUS PILLS to reach your maximum potential and maintain your sexual stamina and performance.

EVERYTHING MATTERS Size, Endurance, Performance

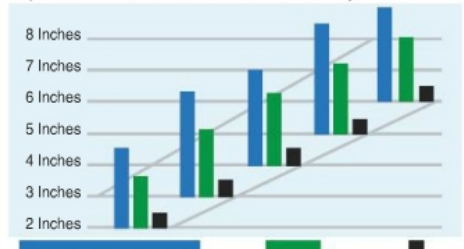
PRO+PLUS PILLS are a natural, non-prescription herbal enlargement formula. We also include the same type of herbs found in Polynesia where some men have sex 3 times a night, every night. Your sexual performance can improve substantially.

PRO+PLUS PILLS boosts your sexual energy, stamina and endurance. You can help stop premature ejaculations.

BIGGER, WIDER, FIRMER WITH PRO+PLUS PILLS

Size can be bigger in less than 40 days. Some customers see results in 3 to 4 months. Special 360 days prices. Enlargement for a lifetime when you continue to take PRO+PLUS PILLS.

PRO+PLUS PILLS Outperforms All Other Brands Pills And Creams. Compare The Results From Our Consumer Survey.



Advanced & Ultimate Formula Original Formula Other Brands

QUICK ABSORPTION FAST ACTING RAPID RELEASE WHICH FORMULA IS BEST FOR YOU?

PRO+PLUS PILLS ADVANCED FORMULA
Can help men with a size less than average and need an accelerated enlargement to reach a firmer erect penis size. Can also be used by men that are larger that want the acceleration feature and maximum enlargement.

PRO+PLUS PILLS ORIGINAL FORMULA
This formula is for men who are now 6 inches or more and want maximum enlargement.

PRO+PLUS PILLS ULTIMATE FORMULA
A modern miracle of science. The TRIPLE ACTION formula for men with any size penis, whether it's small, average, or large. DOES NOT CONTAIN YOHIMBE AND L-ARGININE.

PRO+PLUS LQ ACCELERATOR LIQUID
You can use Pro+Plus LQ Accelerator Liquid with Pro+Plus Pills and start to see results in just a few days.

\$80.00 Value ONLY \$25.00 or
FREE with any 360 days supply of PRO+PLUS PILLS

LETTERS FROM SATISFIED CUSTOMERS.
I'm 8 inches and much thicker. My girl friend wants it all the time. She doesn't know how I did it.—L.D. Nevada
I have always been considered small. My enlargement now is 7 1/2 inches.—T.C. Illinois



PRO+PLUS XTREME IMMEDIATE FIRM ERECTIONS FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS IMMEDIATE RESULTS Can Work In 30 Minutes. Effective Up To 12 Hours.

For men who want to improve their sexual performance and enhance erection firmness. Intense Erections, Incredible Orgasms, Increase Sensitivity, Arousal and Sexual Stamina. Dynamic staying power. Greater Self-Confidence. 100% Natural. Frequent and longer lasting intimacy. Take your partner to new levels of satisfaction. You can have longer, firmer erections and stronger climaxes. Carry the PRO+PLUS XTREME handy 4 pack with you all the time.

FREE 4 PACK WITH ANY OTHER PRO+PLUS FORMULA

SPECIAL OFFER!

**MORE DOCTOR APPROVED SUPER FORMULAS
\$25.00 EACH OR FREE WITH ANY PRO+PLUS ADVANCED, ORIGINAL OR ULTIMATE FORMULA.**

SEXICITER FOR WOMEN MAKES WOMEN DESIRE SEX!

Can be taken by mouth or put in any liquid without detection, but you should get her permission. She can become excited and desire you. Our SEXICITER FOR MEN can help increase the male sex drive. SEXICITER TO EXCITE WOMEN: 130 doses. Reg. \$49.95 NOW ONLY \$25.00. SEXICITER TO EXCITE MEN: 130 doses. Reg. \$49.95 NOW ONLY \$25.00.

SEXUALLY ATTRACT WOMEN WITH ATTRACT-A-MATE!

Use like cologne or after-shave the Pheromone fragrance drives women to you and makes you irresistible. You can ignite her wildest desires. It's done by scent alone, you don't have to say a word. Only you know the secret. You will be amazed how women can become passionate. ATTRACT-A-MATE to attract women. 40 applications Reg. \$49.95 NOW ONLY \$25.00. ATTRACT-A-MATE to attract men. 40 applications Reg. \$49.95 NOW ONLY \$25.00.

ULTRA PERFORM ERECTION CREAM (apply directly to the penis)

Can help increase blood flow to the penis for harder, thicker powerful erections. Heightens sensations with intense orgasms. Can help increase your sexual performance and help stop premature ejaculations. ULTRA PERFORM ERECTION CREAM 2 oz. jar. Reg. \$49.95 Now only \$25.00.

SUPER V PILLS FOR MEN

The Natural alternative that can give you harder, longer lasting erections. Young or old you can have hard erections and stronger climaxes. Can help stop pre-mature ejaculations.

30 Pills Reg. \$49.95. NOW ONLY \$25.00

WHAT CAN PRO+PLUS PILLS DO FOR YOU?

- With more blood flow, your penis is larger.
- Longer, Thicker, Firmer erections.
- Enlargement for a lifetime.
- Erection size can be up to 3 inches bigger.
- Performance can improve substantially.
- Confidence of being a better lover.

CREDIT CARD ORDERS TOLL FREE ANYTIME

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www.avidpromedical.com

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☐ American Express ☐ Discover

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EXPIRES: Month/Year CVS CODE 3-digit Security Code found on back of card or 4-digits on front of American Express

PRO+PLUS ADVANCED FORMULA

☐ 30 Days + 30 Days FREE \$60 ☐ 60 Days + 60 Days FREE \$110 \$
☐ 120 Days + 120 Days FREE \$160 ☐ 180 Days + 180 Days FREE \$210 \$

PRO+PLUS ORIGINAL FORMULA

☐ 30 Days + 30 Days FREE \$50 ☐ 60 Days + 60 Days FREE \$90 \$
☐ 120 Days + 120 Days FREE \$130 ☐ 180 Days + 180 Days FREE \$170 \$

PRO+PLUS ULTIMATE FORMULA

☐ 30 Days + 30 Days FREE \$80 ☐ 60 Days + 60 Days FREE \$140 \$
☐ 120 Days + 120 Days FREE \$200 ☐ 180 Days + 180 Days FREE \$240 \$

PRO+PLUS XTREME

FREE 4 PACK WITH ANY OTHER PRO+PLUS FORMULA

Please Specify Quantities

☐ FREE 4 Pack (4 Capsules) \$9.95 ☐ 12 Packs (48 Capsules) \$48.75 \$
144 Packs of 4 Capsules (576 Capsules) Only \$396.00 \$

PRO+PLUS LQ ACCELERATOR LIQUID

Please Specify Quantities

\$25.00 each \$
☐ FREE with 360 Days supply PRO+PLUS PILLS

SUPER FORMULAS ONLY \$25.00 EACH OR SELECT ONE FREE WITH ANY PRO+PLUS ADVANCED, ORIGINAL OR ULTIMATE FORMULA

Select Any **THREE FREE** With a 240 Days Supply.

Select Any **SIX FREE** With a 360 Days Supply.

Please specify Quantities

Sexiciter To Excite Women FREE ☐ To Excite Men FREE ☐ \$
To Attract Women FREE ☐ To Attract Men FREE ☐ \$
Perform Erection Cream FREE ☐ Super V Pills FREE ☐ \$

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CA Residents add 9% sales tax: \$

Shipping, Rush Service and Insurance \$20.00 VALUE ONLY \$ 14.95

TOTAL ENCLOSED OR CHARGED: \$

Orders discreetly shipped with UPS or Priority Mail.
Foreign Orders — Money Order in U.S. Funds Only. Add \$25.00 S&H.

SIGNATURE (I am over 18 and agree to the terms of avidpromedical and avidpromedical.com)

NAME (print)

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

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V11



She Takes It Like a Champ

As excited as we are to welcome our 2014 Pet of the Year, Lexi Belle, it's time, sadly, to bid a fond farewell to 2013 Pet of the Year Nicole Aniston. But the sexy, stacked blonde leaves behind an impressive body of work that we all can enjoy on Penthouse.com for years to come ... and come.

will she?™



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THE WORLDS
FINEST SITE
FOR ADULT
ENTERTAINER
REVIEWS

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excellence
rests in
the details

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France
Netherlands
Germany
Belgium
United States
Canada
Japan
Spain

POSITIVE EFFECT ON THE VODKA'S TASTE. - ASSOCIATED PRESS MIRACULOUS...A MATCH MADE IN HEAVEN. - USA TODAY ...BELIEVE US, THIS VODKA IS SLICK

CE AS FLAVORFUL. - THE ADVOCATE GREAT STRENGTH IN TEXTURE...SMOOTH MOUTH FEEL ...A PERFECT ...ETER TIMES SOY IS VERY CC

WE CAN ATTEST THAT 3 VODKA IS SMOOTH AND TASTY. - MAXIM 3 IS WITHOUT PEER AS THE FOUNDATION OF THE ULTIMATE V VODKA MARTINI. - ROBB REPOR

FLAWLESS VODKA RATING OF 100 POINTS EVER RECORDED. - IBAT* ...BELIEVE US, THIS VODKA IS SLICK. - PLAYBOY FIRST FLAWLESS VODKA RATI

.OFFERS A SMOOTH TASTE. - ABC NEWS A HEALTHIER WAY TO GET SHITFACED...WE CAN ATTEST THAT 3 VODKA IS SMOOTH AND TASTY. - MAX

ND THAT'S STORMING THE BAR SCENE. - COSMOPOLITAN SMOOTH AS FRENCH SILK AND TWICE AS FLAVORFUL - THE ADVOCATE TOP TEN MUST-HAVE ITEMS

A POSITIVE EFFECT ON THE VODKA'S TASTE. - ASSOCIATED PRESS SOY VODKA SIPS AS EASILY AS 1, 2, 3. SOY IS VERY COMPLEX...HA

- THE ADVOCATE THE SMOOTHEST VODKA I HAVE EVER TASTED. - ARIZONA REPUBLIC 3 IS WITHOUT PEER AS THE

LESS UNMATCHED BY ANY OTHER VODKA...YOU'LL FIND THAT 3 IS TRULY TRIPLE SMOOTH. MAXIM ...A SMOOTHER VODKA...TH



3 VODKA
DISTILLED FROM SOY
 ASK FOR IT
 BY NUMBER
NO CARBS

JUDGING BY THE BUZZ, WE'VE CLEARLY MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION.

